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New Statesman

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A cry for republicanism

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New Statesman

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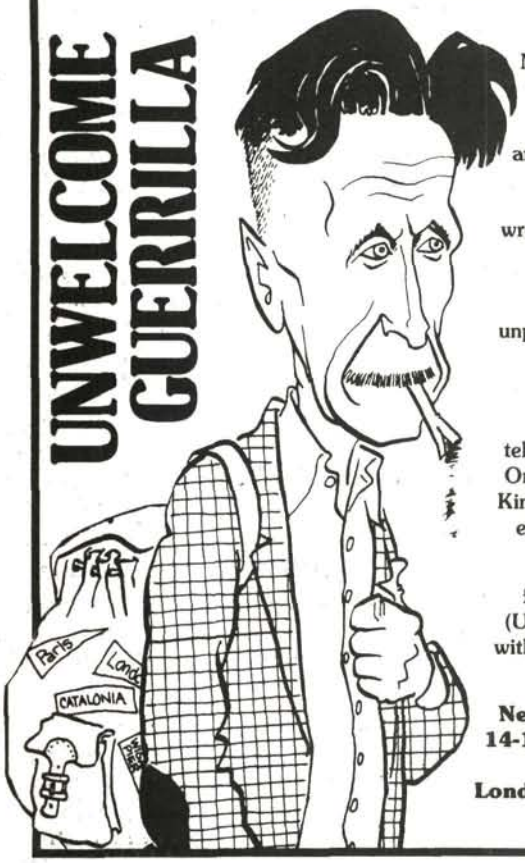

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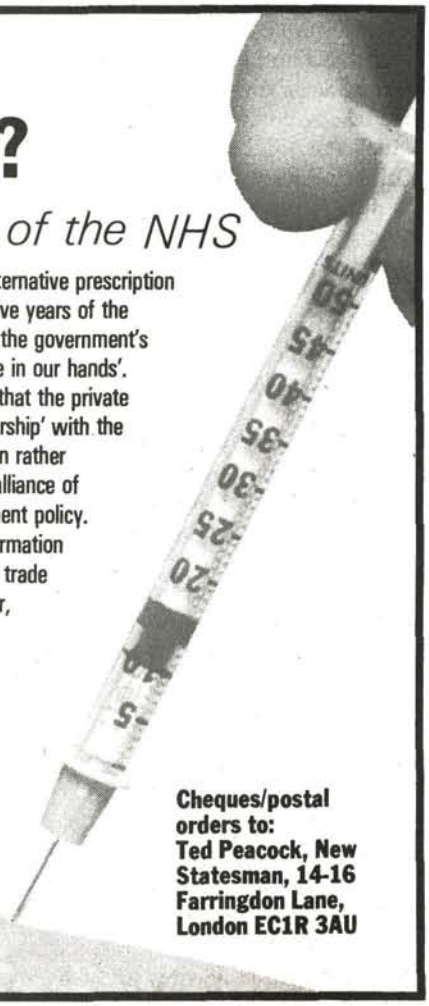

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New Statesman

Vol 108 No 2787 17 August 1984

Come out, Ian MacGregor

IN ONE historic sense, the miners have already won. They have proved not only that their lives cannot be changed from on high without exacting a terrible cost from the other side; but also that their readiness to pursue a strike, at first little understood and received with scant sympathy, can engage the attention and support of large swathes of people who have absolutely no immediate economic interest in mining. Both men and women from those enclosed pit towns and villages, whose traditional cultures have often seemed immune to changed political attitudes on class and sex, have travelled all over the country, meeting new people, new ideas, new challenges. It has been a transforming experience for them — and, less dramatically perhaps, for the thousands of non-miners who have put them up, demonstrated with them, listened to them. In that sense, the impact of the strike has gone deeper and wider than that of 1926 — which itself is permanently engraved in modern British history.

In the first months of the strike, the pressing questions were quite narrowly drawn: did the NUM have a strategy? could it win? what would miners count as a victory? What, in fact, were they striking about? Whatever hopes may have been expressed by, or projected onto, Arthur Scargill, the strike has never been for a socialist revolution or for the continued operation of every coal pit that, at the time the strike began, had a single living miner digging its seams.

At its simplest, the strike was a demand for an agreed definition of an uneconomic pit so that there would be no more Cortonwoods — the South Yorkshire pit which had received recent investment, had taken on new miners and had plenty of coal still to mine, but which the NCB suddenly announced was to close. The NCB's Colliery Review Procedure had become increasingly hollow, and its decision to close Cortonwood was made with reference to a new, unilateral definition of what was 'uneconomic'. The government tried to abandon the consultative process of the Colliery Review procedure when it first came to power in 1979 but withdrew when the South Wales miners struck in 1981. It has now succeeded in reducing that procedure to little more than a delaying tactic for the NUM by changing its requirements for the coal industry as a whole. Instead of assessing the contribution of coal to the country's overall energy needs, each pit is to be judged on a narrow accountancy criterion of whether it makes a 'profit'.

Even ruthless transnational corporations do not run their businesses this way; they expect cross-subsidies from one plant or operation to another, and even large-scale business enterprise is dependent on State support in some form, whether this is the trade policy consciously made favourable to their product or direct subsidies in the form of infrastructural and discretionary grants.

IT IS THIS change in the plan for the future of coal which miners perceived and rejected. They struck, not for the right for mining employment for the male heirs in perpetuity (and an unusually high proportion of today's miners have no older male relatives in the pits) but against an arbitrary closing in of their futures, not just as workers but as people with a right to a say in the running of their industry and their community life. It is for this reason that the objectives and strategy of the strikers have seemed both unclear while at the same time commanding, to those living away from miners, incomprehensibly intransigent support. The fact that the return of a handful of Yorkshire miners to work this week made headline news is in fact news about the extraordinary support for the strike after six months.

The response of radio and newspapers to the arguments of Professor Frank Musgrove is similarly revealing. Musgrove's argument — that we are seeing the thuggish dregs of an intellectually depleted community perpetrating its 'manliness' in an orgy of Luddism — is a resort to that traditional middle class horror of the 'mob'. It is principally interesting for its appropriation of concepts of 'manliness' — 'a powerful taboo on tenderness' — as a new, acceptable way of castigating working class men. What was a critique of gender, a critique as relevant to the actions of the police, the RUC, the excesses of the Coldstream Guards in their mess room, or thousands of men in their own homes every year, becomes a condemnation of class action.

Undoubtedly there are miners who have acted violently and threateningly. But equally undoubtedly other men and, in particular, women from mining communities have eschewed such violence. No strike can be sustained for so long — with a higher proportion still actively involved than in 1926 — if a majority of those involved do not sustain a sense of their own dignity and the rightness of their cause.

Still open is the question of what the NUM's strategy is now. While some are hoping that at the September TUC they may get the 'big bang' of industrial conflict which Neil Kinnock has argued against, this may be precisely what the radicals do *not* want. Any strike that is led by a cautious amalgam of trade union leaders can equally be settled by those new leaders. Earlier NUM hopes that the strike would create structural industrial solidarity, from steelworkers and dockers, were formed by men who did not have their ears to the ground. The alliances have been more political, more informal, more female and more based on the 'nurturing' work of providing food and hospitality than any of the miners' leaders had imagined.

But this raises the perplexing question of what on earth the NCB's strategy for winning has been. It has been peculiarly private. Apart from writing the letters persuading miners to return to work, Ian MacGregor has sheltered behind the efforts of the police, the government, the CEGB and most newspaper editors to pretend nothing is amiss except for the irrational and criminal violence of Luddite mobs. In this there are unnerving parallels with the official line on Northern Ireland: that there is only one side to the conflict, and the sole role of the RUC, the government, the army and most newspaper editors is to identify and castigate the irrational acts of violence of anachronistic mobs. But if Ian MacGregor wants to see this dispute ended he should come out of his bunker and negotiate freely in the market of industrial relations where the strength of the demands on him would force him to compromise. But the hallmark of this dispute is the absence of free industrial relations. No-one is insisting more tenaciously than this government that the parameters of the dispute are drawn by the State and will be fought out through the State's agents of law and order.

Perhaps the reason why Mrs Thatcher was so keen to have Ian MacGregor heading the NCB was less the fact that he was an unmoveable hatchet-man who would cut the miners down to size than a tired old man who would let the British State set him up as an Aunt Sally while it pursues its own objectives against the miners. □

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Derek Speirs/Report

Look at the gun's apparent angle of inclination. . .

'I watched an officer on a rooftop who appeared to be directing fire by walkie-talkie'

WAS THE GUNFIRE which resulted in the death of Sean Downes in West Belfast last Sunday 12 August ordered by an officer on a rooftop? Were the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) and British army under orders from a high level to stop at nothing if they had a chance of arresting Martin Galvin, the banned Noraid spokesperson? TERRY O'HALLORAN thought so. He was there.

FROM A SIDE-STREET some 20 yards from the main area of the RUC assault on the already-seated demonstrators on 12 August in West Belfast I watched an officer on a rooftop who appeared to be directing firing by walkie-talkie. From my vantage point I saw that officer look down in the side street where I and many others were sheltering from the fire.

He spoke into his walkie-talkie and immediately plastic bullets were fired down the road at people who were crouching and lying on the ground. Three plastic bullets were fired directly at a house in which people were sheltering.

Wherever this officer looked and spoke into his radio there appeared to be a burst of fire. I also saw RUC officers walking slowly through people lying on the ground and calmly firing.

Babies, children and elderly people were all vulnerable to this murderous hail of plastic bullets. That only Sean Downes was killed has nothing to do with any restraint on the part of the RUC. I did not see any officers fire into the air nor did I see any aiming below the torso (*as required in use of these arms*).

Every officer I saw was holding his gun level at chest height. There were certainly many more injuries than the official figure of 20. Many of the injured refused medical treatment for fear of being arrested.

'No one was rioting'

THE DEATH of 22 year-old Sean Downes was not the result of riot — either by demonstrators, or by the RUC. Police action was controlled and deliberate throughout. It appeared to me that someone somewhere must clearly have decided that if needs be peaceful demonstrators were to be shot or beaten in the attempt to arrest Martin Galvin.

The march had been peaceful throughout. It had been an open secret in West Belfast that Martin Galvin would be speaking in defiance of the ban previously announced by Home Secretary Leon Brittan. Nobody thought the penalty for this defiance would be one dead and an unknown number injured.

The mood on the demonstration was one of jubilation at the prospect of embarrassing the 'Brits' rather than one of aggression. The only ominous feature was the convoy of grey Saracens that followed the march in close formation, the unprecedented presence of RUC and British Army forces.

When the march reached its *finishing point outside the Sinn Fein* Andersontown HQ it became clear, however, that something serious was being planned by authority. A solid ring of Saracens were drawn up around the crowd. RUC officers stood with visored riot helmets, batons and plastic bullet guns at the ready. Soldiers leaned out of Saracens with their, presumably loaded, rifles pointed at the platform inside the railings of Connolly House.

Stone throwing

THERE WAS, it's true, a brief incident where stones where thrown from nearby rooftops and some plastic bullets were fired in return. This lasted no more than 30 seconds. The serious trouble began when Gerry Adams, President of Sinn Fein and MP for West Belfast, announced Martin Galvin.

Immediately Saracens drove into the seated crowd, and RUC officers began firing plastic bullets deliberately and at point blank range into the crowd. There were no missiles being thrown at this time and no riot whatever taking place.

People scattered. Some threw themselves to the ground. Others crouched and ran to safety behind garden walls and down side streets. The RUC kept up a steady salvo of plastic bullets as well as batoning anybody in their path. At least one person I was told was injured by the Saracens which were driven into the crowd.

The RUC didn't run amok, as some media reports have suggested. None of the officers I saw appeared to be out of control or firing at random. They appeared to be acting with deliberation according to a premeditated plan. It could only be described as cold-blooded and official state terrorism against a peaceful unarmed crowd.

Martin Galvin hasn't been charged with or convicted of any offence against British law, so the most anyone in the crowd could be accused of seems to be aiding and abetting the defiance of a Home Office ban. The 'offence', it seems, has now carried the death penalty.

Sunday's effect on the Catholics in West Belfast can be summed up in the reaction of one youth I spoke to afterwards: 'I hope the IRA (Irish Republican Army) get those bastards back for what they done today.'●

Derek Speirs/Report

. . .and, between finger and thumb, the projectile it fires

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John Copeland

Last week we showed you M15 spymaster Crassweller (*NS* 10 Aug). Above: Barker

Spymaster (2): Chief of 'A' branch

INFORMATION passed to the *New Statesman* has identified this man, Royd Barker, as the British government's burglar-in-chief. Barker, a career official of the Security Service (MI5), now occupies the formidably powerful post of Director of MI5's A (Operations) Branch. In this capacity he routinely directs burglaries, breaking and entering, criminal damage, breaches of confidence, and theft — in the name of the national interest.

Because of the extreme sensitivity of his work, Barker's name has until now been kept secret even from those Cabinet Office and Home Office officials who supervise MI5's domestic surveillance activities, and who process phone tap and mail opening warrants on MI5's behalf. The purpose of this secrecy is to enable ministers and orthodox civil servants to continue to deny any knowledge that MI5 breaks the law as it applies to others with impunity.

Inside MI5, however, Barker is something of a legend — an idiosyncratic personality who would not be out of place in fictional representations of the espionage world.

Each morning, he cycles to work from his home in Notting Hill on a battered red bicycle. His staff (A Branch) includes section A1A — which organises official thefts and break-ins; A1B — which includes officials in other government departments, banks, and similar organisations, to improperly pass on confidential personal information; A1D — with locksmiths, carpenters and other craftspersons to assist in break-ins and planting bugs; and A2A — which transcribes telephone taps and bugs, both legal and illegal.

Members of Parliament have repeatedly condemned MI5's apparent freedom to break the law, which has frequently been demonstrated by break-ins against political groups. Although members of Barker's staff have so far escaped public prosecution on the occasions that police have caught them at work, it can only be a matter of time before an MI5 burglary goes wrong. Until then, Britain remains the only Anglo-Saxon country which has not seen an inquiry into the illegal activity of its security services in the last 10 years.

Duncan Campbell

5th death among youth trainees

THERE HAS BEEN another tragic death among youngsters on the government Youth Training Scheme (YTS), whose injuries and fatalities were the subject of a major *New Statesman* article last month (Dying for a Job, NS 27 July).

16-year-old George McCormack, of Polbeth West Lothian, has died following a head-on collision between an articulated lorry and the Bedford minibus which was carrying George and two other trainees on the Blackburn Rd, Livingston, Scotland, on 27 July.

They were in employment with the Breich Enterprise Action Group (BEAG). The minibus driver, BEAG employee John Cairns, and two other trainees, Alfred Haig and Matthew Smith, both 17, were all seriously injured.

The minibus was on a journey between two work experience sites — a market garden and an environmental improvements area — used by the YTS. The particular training scheme, a Mode 'BI' type, is sponsored by BEAG, based at the old Stoneyburn public school. Managing agent is the Manpower Services Commission (MSC).

The accident is being investigated by the police and a preliminary internal report has been written, but not published, by the MSC. A fatal accident enquiry will almost certainly be held.

This brings the total of young deaths since the YTS began in April last year to five — and to 24 since the Youth Opportunities Programme (YOP) began in April 1980. It lends unhappy urgency to a health and safety charter recently published by the Youth Trade Union Rights Campaign.

The 29-strong Campaign Group of Labour MPs and Labour's front bench employment team of John Smith, John Evans, and Barry Sheerman, support the charter. It calls for legal liability for any YTS accident to rest with the MSC in cases where the managing agents and sponsors aren't legally liable.

Quentin McDermott

MISCELLANY

Royal salesperson

When last heard of, Constantine Glucksburg was representing an international supplier of armour-plated automobiles, but some people cannot forget that he was once the king of Greece. At the Los Angeles Olympics on 9 August, Glucksburg was asked by the International Olympic Committee to present the gold medal to the Chinese women's volley-ball team, and he got himself announced over the P.A. system — and thus ABC television — as the king of Greece. Glucksburg, who won a gold himself in yachting at the Rome Olympics in 1960, also presented medals for the long jump and sailing events. The Greek consul-general in California lodged a formal protest with the IOC, reminding them that Greece is now a democracy. If they wanted Glucksburg to present medals, Athens advised they should introduced him in such a way as to reflect this fact. Call him ex-king Con, the founders of the Olympics suggested.

What can you do?

How do you prove institutional racism? Gerry Rampersad, the only black teacher at the Smithfield department of the London College for Distributive Trades, welcomed the publication of by the GLC last month of a booklet called *Challenge Racism*. It urges Londoners to take on 'organisational structures which have racist effects' both as individuals and by working together. Mr Rampersad felt his work had deliberately been undermined because he was black, and took action against his head of department and the college principal. Like him, they are employees of the Inner London Education Authority, which is part of the GLC, and so got automatic and free legal representation. Mr Rampersad, who was making the complaint, did not. He says department head Fred Malliom humiliated him in front of his students, accusing him of being late, which was untrue, and of being a 'disgrace to the teaching profession'. Malliom denies that he said these things, but it's never going to be settled either way. Mr Rampersad has been advised that he would lose a case under the Race Relactions Act 1976 at an industrial tribunal whatever Malliom said, because he isn't actually alleging racial insult. And it would cost him £1,500 just to contest the case. 'What can I do?' is the theme of the GLC's booklet. Without money, it would seem, not much — even if you work for the GLC in its Anti-Racism Year.

Getting off the fence

The Tory press would have us believe that only Neil Kinnock is embarrassed by party divisions over the miners' strike. Miscellany readers will know that the Conservatives have their own fair share of contradictory voices, now including MP Peter Bottomley (chairperson of the C of E Children's Society, a charity that's given £6,500 to help the children of striking miners). But let us not forget the Liberals. David Steel made perfectly clear at the Liberal Party Council meeting in Milton Keynes last month that if the party Assembly in September tried to pass a resolution supporting the NUM, he would not accept it. He said the party should 'refuse to line up behind one side or the other'. In this fence-sitting exercise he has been supported by Alan Beith and Cyril Smith in *Liberal News*. But two more recent articles in the same journal, one by its editor Charles Stainsby and another on behalf of the Association of Liberal Trade Unionists, have come out in support of the miners.

Meanwhile, whatever Liberals on 'hung' councils do they are contradicting Mr Steel. If they vote for Labour motions to give support to miners and their families, they are supporting the strike; if they vote against, they are lining up with the government; and if they abstain they will still be accused of allowing whichever of the other two parties is larger to win. A clue as to where the Liberals really stand: on 6 August the policy and resources committee on 'hung' Calderdale council rejected by seven votes to six (Liberals and Tories voting together) a series of Labour proposals to launch an appeal for miners' families with £100, give free meals to miners' children and help with mortgage payments.

Howard's End

Where are they now? Former editors of the *New Statesman*, part two. Anthony Howard (1972-78) is currently the star of a television commercial advertising the Ganges restaurant in Paddington, central London. In an attempt subliminally to influence devotees of the *NS* from the pre-Bruce Page era, this picture of him (below) was flashed on the screens of Channel 4 on Sunday afternoon. Oh, and he also does something for the *Observer*.

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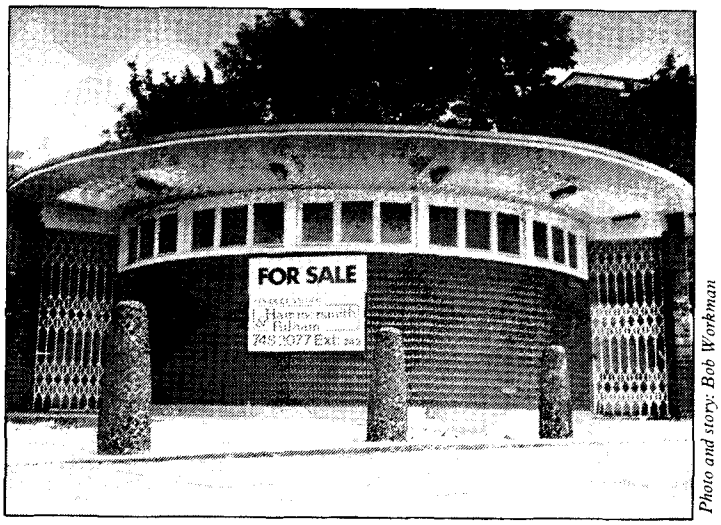

Photo and story: Bob Workman

For a nation of small home-owners

This is the New Statesman*'s light relief photo of the month. For it's a loo, to be sold by tender, which Hammersmith & Fulham borough valuer Mr Letcher hilariously thinks suitable for conversion to commercial property. No bids are in yet. Perhaps Seoul would like it for the closing ceremonies of the 1988 Olympics? Of course there's a serious side. The cost-cutting Liberal-Tory alliance on the council has been shoving the unpopular new superloos in place of 16 conventional staffed loos, 12 of which are now on the market. The above, if you'd like to own it, is in the North End Rd, West Kensington.* ●

Grassroots cut up rough over NALGO policy

A MOTION passed by the West Midlands County Hall branch of NALGO last week will give a further push to a growing grassroots rebellion against union policy on the abolition of the GLC and Metropolitan counties.

As April 1986 looms many NALGO (National and Local Government Officers Association) members are getting jumpy over their union's attitude of absolute non-cooperation. Merseyside, West Yorkshire and Greater Manchester have already gone over the heads of the national union by accepting 'enhanced' redundancy arrangements from their Labour employers. This leaves the remaining authorities — South Yorkshire, Tyne and Wear, West Midlands and the GLC — feeling distinctly out in the cold.

Now members in the West Midlands have instructed their branch officials to start talking to the council about redundancy pay and preferential treatment with vacancies in district authorities. NALGO's executive has consistently opposed any move in this direction as playing into Environment Secretary Patrick Jenkin's hands and weakening the united front of opposition by tacitly accepting abolition as inevitable.

But West Midlands say they will continue taking part in the opposition campaign and their negotiations with the employers are only 'contingency' plans. Indeed, they say that without this step there might be no council worth saving by 1986 anyway, as career insecurity is causing staff to leave at such a rate that services are endangered.

Whether the Labour administration will agree to negotiate is another matter. Deputy leader David Sparks has gone on record as saying it's the wrong time for such defeatist talk. But he's promised the branch they won't receive worse treatment than staff in other authorities, which in view of the 'in house' settlements reached by three councils, is being taken as a promising sign.

Meanwhile, the West Midlands motion will go before the next national executive where it is likely to be dismissed as at best irresponsible and at worst traitorous. But there's a growing feeling among council staff that this is a straight choice between principle and pragmatism — and there's a lot to be said for being practical.

Sandra Inge

Video nasty

*ROUTED in court (*NS *3 August) the police have taken to videoing the anti-apartheid pickets now restored by Bow St verdict to their traditional place outside South Africa House, Trafalgar Square. Commander Howlett of the Yard says this is for 'information purposes'.*

Eddie Abrahams of South African Embassy Picket Campaign Committee has other ideas: 'We suspect them of gathering evidence for submission to the Home Office that they're being prevented from doing their job'.

Where the police leave off, others begin. Last Friday's picket (10 August) was filmed for half an hour by two men with South African accents. Asked what they were doing, they said 'it's a free country'. Tell that to Commander Howlett.

Sue Rylance

MINERS PICKETS ROLL CALL (1)

Total of arrests to date*: 5,503

*From 14 March 1984-14 August 1984. Exclusive of arrests of supporters' street collections

CHARGES

As of 19 July, when a Parliamentary Question produced the figures, 40 per cent of charges brought against arrested pickets were for 'breach of the peace' under Section 5 of the Public Order Act (1936). A further 21 per cent had been charged with obstructing a police officer, 11 per cent with obstructing the highway, 6 per cent with criminal damage, and 5 per cent with assault on the police. As of 19 July 85 per cent of those charged hadn't yet had their cases heard in court. Of the 750 whose cases *had* been heard, 65 persons (9 per cent) were acquitted. 60 per cent of those sentenced received fines, mainly of £75 to over £100.

PRISON

On 6 August five Yorkshire pickets were released from Leicester Prison after being held in custody for 11 days for 'committing a crime while on bail'. These 'crimes' covered obstruction, breach of the peace, and assault on the police. The High Court renewed bail saving the men from a further eight days in prison.

MASS ARRESTS

7 August. Doncaster. 3 arrests following attacks on the National Coal Board (NCB) offices. South Yorkshire police accused of smashing windscreens of pickets' cars. **Longannet, Fife** — 11 arrests. **Philadelphia, near Sunderland** — 39 arrests at NCB stores.

8 August. Parkside, Merseyside — 25 arrests. **Avenue** coking plant, **near Chesterfield** — 3 arrests.

9 August. Harworth, Notts. 95 arrests after bricks and stones thrown at police vehicles, NCB lorries and working miners' cars. Most charged with unlawful assembly and threatening behaviour. All given conditional bail (the 'usual' condition) preventing them from picketing or demonstrating in connection with the dispute. The police accuse the National Union of Mineworkers (NUM) of organising raids of pits and NCB property and the disturbances at Harworth.

13 August. Notts. 26 arrests close to Derbyshire border (picket of Warsop colliery). Police for the first time use riot shields.

SUPPORTERS' STREET COLLECTIONS

Harassment of people collecting food or money for striking miners and their families was first reported in June. Information collected by the Public Order Research Group shows that in **London** there have been at least 14 arrests and 15 warnings given by the police to collectors. Of the arrests, 9 were for obstruction of the highway or police, 2 were under the 1824 Vagrancy Act (one has now been dropped) and 3 for unlawful collection of money. Other reports have come from **Glasgow, St Austell, Birmingham, Doncaster, Rochester, Chelmsford, Isle of Wight, Kenilworth, Hastings, Norwich, Portsmouth, Winchester.**

Saturday 4 August. Battersea — Wandsworth Labour Party collectors threatened with arrest for obstruction. **Hammersmith** — Community Assembly stopped from selling 'The Miner', 6 had names and £15 taken.

Saturday 11 August. Watney street market — Poplar Labour Party have £25 confiscated and names of 5 taken. The Labour Party had obtained a permit for a fortnight for house to house collections, but when this expired on 25 July the local police commander refused an extension. **Edmonton Green** — Edmonton Labour Party told to stop collecting, 2 names taken. **Streatham** Library — police take names and confiscate money from 2 Streatham Labour Party collectors. Only 2 collectors were there following arrests for obstruction on the library steps last month.

ROADBLOCK STOPS COURT APPEARANCE

Two pickets coming from Yorkshire to appear in Mansfield magistrates court on 9 August were stopped by police in **Derbyshire** and told to return home. This was despite producing their bail sheets and a solicitors letter. When they reached the court four hours later, their solicitor argued that the police had displayed contempt of court. The Mansfield bench are awaiting an explanation from Derbyshire police.

INJURIES

595 police have been injured according to Scotland Yard. 206 civilian casualties have been reported, including 2 fatalities — 3 if Jimmy Christie (13 August) is counted. Civilian injuries are under-reported.

The GLC Police Committee Support Unit has produced a leaflet on street collections in London, available from Room 602, County Hall, London SE1 7PB (01-633 5944). Further advice can be obtained from the National Council for Civil Liberties (01-403 3888). The Public Order Research Group is collecting details of harassment of street collectors (9 Poland Street, London W1 01-734 5831).

Please send any information on police and court treatment of striking miners, their families, and supporters to **Miners Pickets Roll Call,** at the **New Statesman**.

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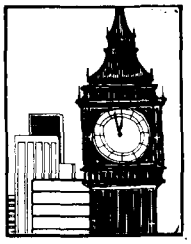

MARY HOLLAND

Why Britain should follow Prior out of Northern Ireland

DAVID STEEL, speaking on holiday in Greece, has described the behaviour of the Royal Ulster Constabulary last Sunday as 'a police riot'. Mrs Shirley Williams has invoked comparison with the Peterloo massacre.

This is not the kind of language these fiercely moderate politicians have applied in the past to the deaths of Blair Peach or Kevin Gately, still less to some of the scenes we have witnessed on television of British police conduct on the miners' picket lines. But then both Mr Steel and Mrs Williams know that the RUC is different. It isn't really a British police force at all.

It is, just in case you hadn't noticed, 15 years this week since the British Army was sent to Northern Ireland. Journalists in the quality media have had a field day giving us their memories of those days, how far away it all now seems and yet how little has changed. As if to prove their point, there was the RUC, letting fly with their batons in a crowd of Catholics, just like the good old days. Winston Churchill's comment on the eternal dreariness of the steeples of Fermanagh and Tyrone was dusted down for another airing. Why not? It remains the most vividly phrased expression of Anglo-Saxon exasperation and contempt for the warring savages across the water.

Like many of the politicians who made fast reputations in Northern Ireland, most of the journalists have passed on to better things. But the message in their articles was a familiar one. The Irish — violent, irrational, with minds closed and hearts ever open to poisonous rhetoric — are still killing each other. Their parochialism would be quaint if it were not so depressing. No one stopped to remark that parochialism is an important factor in a province where, if you park your car in the wrong street, you may find out the hard way that a bomb has been placed under it while you've been shopping.

Since *nostalgie de la Bogside* is in fashion this week, perhaps *NS* readers will bear with my two pennyworth. Some time in the mid-Seventies, when it seemed that the IRA was really on the ropes, its own followers demoralised and its fringe support ebbing, I talked to one of its leaders. He agreed that his organisation was in poor shape, and then said: 'You must remember one thing. We can always depend on the Brits to make a mistake which will transform the situation.'

It's too early yet to tell whether the decision to ban Martin Galvin, the Noraid organiser, was an error of those proportions. Certainly, it has provided the IRA with a boost they very badly needed.

Sources in Belfast and Dublin are, frankly, somewhat surprised at the coverage which the incident has received in the British media. They point out that numbers of innocent people, some of them children, have been killed by plastic bullets in recent years with scarecly a flicker of journalistic attention. As for the RUC getting ugly with Catholic demonstrators, its a very long time since that rated the kind of coverage given to last Sunday's violence. The many incidents which haven't been covered are a much more potent source of bitterness to the Catholic community than this last Sunday which, they suspect, attracted attention mainly because of the presence of American television cameras.

THE HANDLING of Galvin's visit was a classic, not unusual, error of British judgment. It was clear from the moment the ban was announced that the Noraid organiser would cross the border and that the IRA would use his presence to maximum propaganda effect. Most people expected that Galvin would make appearances in Belfast and Derry, that these would be prominently reported in *An Phoblacht*, and rather less so in the rest of the Irish media. Unionist politicians would, depending on the heat of the day and the mood of their audiences, denounce his presence at the last of the summer's marches.

What nobody expected was that the Ulster police would be let off the leash to follow their all too predictable instincts. Over the years they, or rather their British handlers, have learnt a certain discretion in dealing with such incidents. The fact that no senior British minister appears to have been in control during what was bound to be a difficult weekend was a major factor in what happened.

Yet there is a difference this time around. Mr Prior has admitted that a bad mistake was made and that he was responsible for it. Commentators have remarked that he has taken the blame because he is leaving Northern Ireland. It seems much more likely that the error was made, and events on the ground handled so disastrously, because he has already begun to switch off from the burdensome day-to-day problems of running Northern Ireland.

If there's one lesson to be drawn from last Sunday it is how fast and suddenly the situation in Ulster can deteriorate if no capable senior politician is around to keep an eye peeled for potential booby traps. This, in turn, has the most depressing implications.

A few weeks ago a Republican activist asked me, in tones of genuine puzzlement, why Prior was leaving. This man profoundly disagrees with Prior's policies and what he has been trying to do in Northern Ireland. But, he said to me, 'Prior is clearly a serious politician. He's put in three years here. Why should he want to leave just when it looks as though his work might bear fruit?'

I've asked a lot of people the same question. Prior is the most able British viceroy we've had in Northern Ireland since the present troubles started in 1968. He inherited a province very close to catastrophe in the immediate wake of the hunger strike. Not only has he calmed the situation, but he has been central to moving the whole debate on Ireland forward. He must know that if he goes the chances of the next few crucial months of Anglo-Irish relations going well will be greatly diminished.

Yet he is leaving. From his own point of view the decision is a perfectly reasonable one. He's an Englishman and his future, personal and political, lies in his own country. He's done as much as could be expected of any Englishman to help the Irish solve their problems. Now it's time to go home.

For this commentator the message of Prior's departure is as stark as anything that has happened over the past 16 years. If this decent Englishman, who has given generously of his time and commitment, can walk away from Ireland at this point, hasn't the time come for the British body politic to face the fact that they don't seriously regard Northern Ireland as Britain's business? Shirley Williams, David Steel, Margaret Thatcher don't think of the inhabitants of Northern Ireland as their own people in the same way as they look on even the most obstreperous of the miners.

If that's the case Mr Prior should render one last honourable service before he goes. He should tell Mrs Thatcher and the British public that the time has come to start the process of Britain's disengagement from Northern Ireland. □

Peter Kellner is on holiday.

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ROYALTY

Totem and taboo

The once-sturdy voice of Republicanism has been almost extinguished in Britain, a country determined to treat its Royal Family as sacrosanct, peccadilloes notwithstanding. Piers Brendon cries out against this political taboo

GEORGE III, as we know, should never have occurred. Nor, in the opinion of *The Times*, should George IV. Its obituary notice in 1830 branded him an 'inveterate voluptuary' and pronounced, 'There never was an individual less regretted by his fellow creatures.' William IV came off little better: 'His late Majesty, though at times a jovial and, for a king, an honest man, was a weak, ignorant, commonplace sort of person.'

But Queen Victoria, despite unpopularity in girlhood and early widowhood, made the monarchy what it is today. She did so as a result of two innate traits — fertility and longevity — and one acquired characteristic — respectability, otherwise known as Balmorality. After about 1875 the throne was so secure that it could not even be shaken by press reports that there was nothing between Edward Prince of Wales and Lily Langtry — not even a sheet.

Actually 'fat vulgar dreadful Edward', as Henry James called him, had quite involuntarily helped to destroy the growing republican movement — by the drastic expedient of almost dying from enteric fever in 1871. The prince's illness provoked such an outburst of sovereign sympathy that no subsequent grossness on his part could quash it. A few dissidents might fling their barbs — Marx liked to quote Cobbett's sardonic contrast between the *Royal* Mint and the *National* Debt.

But British loyalty to royalty has waxed ever since, just as orthodox religion, for which it is a secular substitute, has waned. Like the Pope himself, the monarch has lost in power but gained in prestige. And those inclined to approach the throne without due reverence are liable to be visited with all sorts of reprisals. Malcolm Muggeridge was banned from appearing on the BBC and sent used pieces of lavatory paper through the post. Lord Altrincham was disowned by the *Observer*, to which he contributed regularly, and, almost thirty years later, little seems to have changed — the *Observer* commissioned me to write an earlier version of this article and eventually declined to print it.

Recently, by even seeming to censure the Queen, Enoch Powell managed to erode his populist power base and to make himself even more of a parliamentary pariah then before. However desirable this effect, its cause raises two serious questions. Can our national life be regarded as healthy when at its centre there exists an institution the criticism of which amounts to blasphemy? And should the case against the monarchy be heard, not necessarily because it will convince (reason being powerless against faith) but at any rate in order to strike a blow against the tyranny of conventional opinion? The answers, I submit, are respectively no and yes.

Great talents." "Great offices will have

This is THE MAN—all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—and all forlorn;

The voluptuary George IV, a relic of the times when the monarch was ridiculed

THE MONARCHY is doubtless as much proof against fact as against argument, yet considered objectively the record of the past 100 years has been a lamentable one. From the tea-time adulteries of Edward VII's time to the Rod and Koo follies of today, the royals have scarcely set a flawless example of conventional propriety. More seriously, they seem to have exercised their vestigial influence in a wholly reactionary direction. Victoria's intrigues with Disraeli and her aversion to the 'mad unpatriotic ravings' of Mr Gladstone are well known. Edward VII did all he could to prevent the Liberal government of 1906 from employing radical men or adopting radical measures. George V's support for General Haig during the First World War, at a time when Lloyd George was trying to get rid of him, was ill-judged to say the least.

During the Second World War Churchill was much embarrassed by the Duke of Windsor's pro-Nazi antics. George VI's insistence that 'India must be governed' was hardly calculated to help Attlee's government. Queen Elizabeth preferred the conservative Macmillan, a hard-liner over Suez, to the liberal Butler when Eden resigned in 1956. In its observance of stuffy etiquette and its fondness for landed aristocrats, the present court harks back to that of Queen Victoria, who once said 'a democratic monarchy is what she will never belong to'. The royal 'we' has been replaced by the royal 'one' ('one is not amused'), but not much else is new.

It is impossible to say how much influence is wielded by the present queen, both because of the general British convention that public information is the private property of the government and because of the particular circumstance that the crown is more pathologically secretive than any other official institution. Occasionally we can get glimpses behind the veil. Richard Crossman recorded the fact that the Queen pressed a willing Harold Wilson to maintain censorship of the theatre in 1967. The Labour Whips made it clear to Willie Hamilton that his views on the monarchy would preclude him from the ministerial office which he was otherwise well qualified to hold. According to an unpublished memorandum from Eisenhower to Dulles, even the Duke of Edinburgh possesses 'a certain amount of political influence'.

IN THEORY, of course, the monarch advises, encourages and warns the government. In practice, the constitution being unwritten, she exercises an authority which stems from the fact that she is the most experienced politician in the country. With her passion for horses and dogs, for ceremonies and uniforms, for parlour games and jig-saw puzzles, the Queen may appear to be the very model of an Edwardian country lady. But no one has better cause to realise that knowledge is power and even Margaret Thatcher, driven on by an over-active thyroid, is not more meticulous about 'doing her boxes'. Furthermore, the monarch remains the fount of a great deal of patronage, some direct (such as grace and favour residences, discretionary honours like the Order of Merit, and invitations to hob with the nobs), some indirect (but clandestine). How much of a say does she have, for example, in dishing out other baubles of rank, such as knighthoods to accommodating journalists, or in top military and ecclesiastical promotions?

The trouble is that we don't know and have no means of finding out. What is more, the Queen's popularity largely derives from the people's ignorance, or rather from their belief

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A few of the tracts idolising the Holy Family

that she is above the grubby fray of politics. Like God, she is a figurehead who may be praised for any good that occurs to her subjects but cannot be blamed for their ills. She is the embodiment of the Establishment, of its wealth and social status and unknowable power, yet she does not appear to bear any responsibility for how it operates. She exercises power, or at any rate influence, without responsibility — and we all know whose prerogative that is. It is surely absurd that at the heart of our supposed democracy there is a hereditary institution, whose most crucial activities are secret and unaccountable, and which regards change as something to be embraced only in the last resort — in other words, as the old Duke of Cambridge used to say, 'when you can't help it'.

In fact, the most important role of the monarchy may be in enforcing a compelling ethos of conservatism, convention and 'discretion' at the top levels of public life. Desperation for the ludicrous anachronism of peerages and knighthoods as our only token of secular success dulls and vitiates once innovative and dissident minds in all professions and political persuasions. Yet even if the Queen were inclined to become a bicycling, people's monarch on the Scandinavian model, she would be unable to do so. For to preserve the mystique of majesty she must remain aloof. Of course, possessing perhaps the country's largest private fortune — and the only one exempt from tax — the sovereign is insulated from the world of her subjects anyway. Fish and chips in front of the telly, helping the state-educated kids with their homework, worries about the gas bill — how different from the home life of the monarch. But she is cut off even more effectively by protocol, pageantry and pomp. As the focus of countless more or less irrelevant bits of mumbo-jumbo, the royals are treated like animated icons. Divine right has disappeared but not the divinity that doth hedge a king.

EVERYTHING tends to promote a sacrosanct monarchy. Radio and television mention royalty in tones of hushed awe, and certain broadcasters have elevated sycophancy to the level of an art form. A recent commercial for some royalist publication had as its slogan, 'The family we love as well as our own.' Normally quite sensible biographers like Elizabeth Longford treasure up the sovereign's most banal remarks as oracles and pen adulatory drivel that would disgrace a Mills & Boon romance.

The press, which (a few tiffs and a Beaverbrookian vendetta or two notwithstanding) gives the royal family both the publicity and the privacy they want, is particularly culpable. It treats the natural functions of royalty, especially (to cite a current instance) the business of breeding, as well-nigh miraculous. No doubt pictures of the Princess of Wales sell popular newspapers, but how can our 'quality' papers justify printing her photograph so often and so prominently? No doubt she is a glamorous figure but the present emphasis on her reproductive capacities, both physical and pictorial, smacks of relentless propaganda on behalf of the Establishment. Royal ageing is only slightly less miraculous, the survival of the Queen Mother to 84 years old last month being treated by the most obsequious papers as little short of a divine blessing for her inner saintliness.

We can read the journalistic harpings on the peccadilloes of lesser royals; but though not without its snide aspects, these actually enhance the myth of monarchy. For the British attitude towards the royal family is strangely ambivalent. They require it to be at once godlike, above reproach, and to be human, fallible, united with the people (to paraphrase Lord Randolph Churchill) in the bonds of a common immorality. Yet is it common? The carryings-on of a dissolute divorcée like Princess Margaret, the frolics of Randy Andy, the arrival of a seedy photographer like Tony Armstrong-Jones or a nouveau-riche upstart like Princess Michael, even the tedious marital problems of Princess Anne, are not of the same order as the fornications, tiffs and social climbing of 'ordinary' people for they are burnished by a glamour and wealth which lifts them into the realms of popular fiction or a mega-Dynasty soap opera. Their promiscuous buzzing contrasts with, and distracts attention from, the dull primness of the middle-aged queen at the centre of the hive.

Walter Bagehot correctly understood the monarchy's role, its way of satisfying the irrational appetites of the community. As he put it, the masses deferred to 'what we may call the "theatrical show" of society. . .a certain charmed spectable which imposes on the many and guides their fancies as it will.' Bagehot thus transformed into a national glory what Tom Paine had earlier seen as a national disgrace — the common people, who ought themselves to be sovereign, treated as 'a herd of beings that must be governed by fraud, effigy and show'. As a conservative race we are, of course, adept at

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such cosy metamorphoses, at discovering contemporary justifications for obsolete institutions. So all sorts of current rationales are urged on behalf of the monarchy — that it is the surest social cement in a pluralist society, the personification of the State at home and Britain's trademark abroad, the emblem of Commonwealth unity.

These are romantic, not to say superstitious, notions and they assume that communities will disintegrate unless held together by some living myth or symbol. Perhaps this is true. If so, the monarchy as now constituted is the wrong kind of symbol. It is a resounding anachronism. It smacks of a past full of inherited privileges, social injustices, Victorian values and other horrors. It is, as H.G. Wells said, 'a profoundly corrupting influence upon our national life, imposing an intricate snobbishness on our dominant class, upon our religious, educational. . .and combatant services generally.' The present monarchy symbolises a determinedly retrogressive Britain, a museum of quaint customs and antique attitudes, a caste-ridden, horse-riding, Philistine nation, throttled by the old school tie, full of excrement living off increment.

On the other hand, it is quite possible that a mature, democratic nation does not, in a scientific age, need to gravitate round a human totem located variously in Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Sandringham and Balmoral. As a republic we might purge ourselves of the archaic influences that still degrade our character, deform our society and retard our progress. We might substitute rational judgment for ritual, incantation and fantasy. We might recognise that the Commonwealth is no more than the ghost of Empire, and that our place in the world depends not on conjurations with a colourful past but on the present implementation of realistic and enlightened policies. We might conclude that the best place for princesses is in fairy tales and that princes should be turned, not into frogs perhaps, but at least into ordinary human beings.

At the moment, needless to say, all this is about as much of a pipe-dream as Voltaire's ambition to strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest. It is more a plea that the voice of republicanism should once again be heard in the land than a blueprint for constitutional reform. But it should not be thought that, if as a nation we could ever be educated out of besotted monarchism, no simple, democratic alternative exists — as seems to be the case where the widely discredited House of Lords is concerned.

In a republic Big Brother would by no means supersede Big Mother. On the contrary, a cheap, efficient system could easily be devised whereby (say) some annually elected mayor of the palace carries out such official functions as are necessary. At the end of his term of office he could perhaps be ushered out in a ceremony of mock garrotting on Horse Guards Parade, which would symbolise the nation's commitment to hardy republican virtue. It would also attract hordes of tourists from America, where they have been getting on fine without a monarchy ever since the time of George III, who, as we know. . . but that was where we came in. □

Piers Brendon is the author of The Life and Death of the Press Barons, *Secker and Warburg 1982.*

NURSERY EDUCATION

Hiving off the children

Barry Hugill on the politics of the neglect of under-5s

AT THE House of Commons last month the all-male Education and Science Select Committee heard evidence on pre-school provision from Lady Plowden. After 50 minutes the word 'father' was uttered for the first time. It was repeated just once more before the end of the one hour session. Regardless of the changes in how people work and live and in the aspirations of women in particular, the care of children is more than ever seen by government as the mother's responsibility alone.

In 1967, the Plowden Report was the impetus to major educational reform by the Labour Government. Class numbers in large, working class schools were reduced, teachers in 'difficult' schools were paid extra money, an expansion of nursery education, part-time and full-time, took place.

The emphasis on nursery provision was fuelled by research showing that children who had attended nursery classes tended to do better in primary school than those who had not. It also gelled neatly with the demand of the resurgent women's movement that child care was a responsibility not only of fathers but of society at large as well.

In 1972 Britain signed a Council of Europe document recommending that member governments 'ensure that all children irrespective of social class, should by the age of 3 at the latest be given the opportunity to attend a pre-school educational establishment and that such establishments should therefore be set up and developed'. In response to the document the education minister, Margaret Thatcher, published a White Paper, *Framework for Expansion*, accepting the Plowden recommendation of providing places for all 3 and 4 year olds whose parents wished them to attend nursery schools.

Twelve years later only 13,000 children attend full-time nursery school with another 37,000 taking up part-time places. The figures include the 'rising 5s' already in infant schools. Take them away and less than one quarter of 3-4 year olds receive any form of nursery education. Since 1982 over 1000 nursery places have been lost and with ratecapping and a lower rate support grant settlement for next year considerably more will soon be scrapped. Official government figures indicate that allowing for inflation an overall cut of 6.5 per cent in nursery education is likely by 1987.

Provision is much better in Labour controlled authorities than in Tory ones but it is these councils who face the most severe penalties for overspending. In ILEA, 54 per cent of under 5s go to nursery school, in Tameside it is 67 per cent and in Sheffield 58 per cent. Yet these authorities figure on Patrick Jenkin's ratecapping hit-list.

OTHER MEMBERS of the Council of Europe take the matter more seriously. In Belgium over 90 per cent of 3 year olds attend nursery school full time (97 per cent of 4 year olds), France is a little way behind with 88 per cent full time attendance at 3 but makes up with 100 per cent attendance at 4. Denmark has 52 per cent attendance at 3, Iceland 30 per cent, Austria 30 per cent. By the age of 4, 98 per cent of children in Luxembourg are attending class as are 99 per cent in the Netherlands and a staggering 98 per cent in a country as impoverished as Malta.

Lady Plowden's recommendations on nursery schools were couched in educational terminology. She believed spending on nurseries to be as important as that on schools and colleges. That educational thrust has now been extinguished.

The change in attitude, easily traceable through the '70s as recession deepened and the Conservatives pledged to throw back the frontiers of the State, was, sadly, exemplified by Lady Plowden in her evidence to the Select Committee. Her attention has switched from the needs of the child to the role of the woman. There should be, she said, small-scale, cheap, community provision which would help women 'overcome the depression caused by isolation and help them become better mothers'. Nursery classes are not necessarily bad but tend to stress the role of the teacher, rather than that of the mother, she said, to the evident satisfaction of the Conservative members of the Committee.

Lady Plowden is not alone in her views. Penelope Leach, a respected 'expert' on the under 5s has recently argued that the State oppresses rather than enhances the lives of parents and individuals and that State provision undermines parental powers and responsibilities. The Pre-school Playgroups Association now claims that in involving parents it presents a genuine alternative to nursery education. But because they demand extensive parental involvement and operate only for limited hours they tend to complement or reinforce the work of a full-time mother, not provide an alternative. A position clearly attractive to the Government. Patrick Jenkin, when Social Services minister, made his view quite clear: 'If the Lord God had intended us to have equal rights to go out to work he wouldn't have created man and woman'.

Regardless of the Lord's intentions, over 2.6 million women with dependent children are in work, 0.9 million full-time, 1.7 million part-time. The vast majority of these are in low-paid jobs (earnings of less than £100 gross for full-time work, an hourly equivalent of £2.50). For these women, playgroups are of little use. But in the absence of nursery schools the choices facing them are bleak.

LOCAL AUTHORITIES provide day nurseries (not to be confused with nursery classes or schools) run by the social services departments for the benefit of 'those in need'. Throughout the country there are only 38,000 places available and entry is restricted in practice, to children 'at risk'. The reality is that day nurseries are reserved, almost exclusively,

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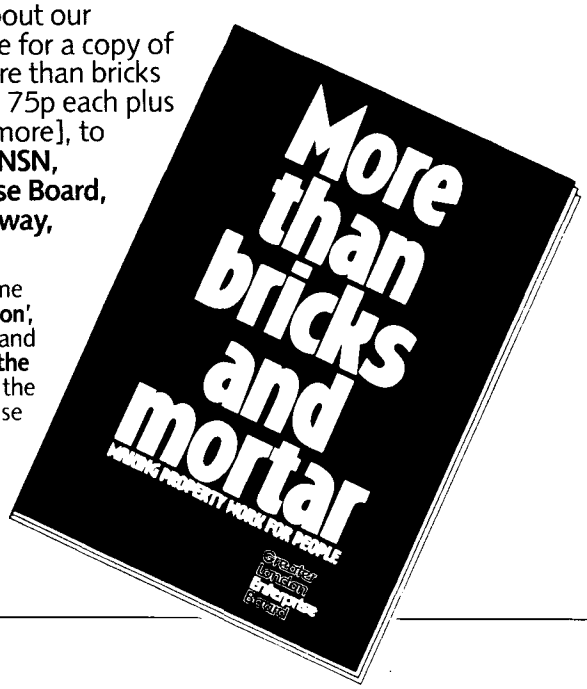

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for the children of single-mothers, often black, who social workers consider in danger of being battered. To make matters worse many of those day nurseries have not recognised that racism is a serious matter for young children too, and still use, for instance, 'Little Black Sambo' books.

Alternative forms of care are private nurseries, almost unknown on the continent, or child-minders. Both are expensive and, in many cases, of dubious quality. There will always be a role for child-minders, especially for very young children, and the National Childminding Association has, in recent years, done its utmost to improve the quality of the service provided. Private day nurseries should have no place.

The decline in British nursery education could not have proceeded so quietly had the Left and Labour movement not been so complacent. Between the desperation of mothers to find suitable provision urgently and disregard of most others — including fathers — nursery provision is rarely a major political issue. There are, however, signs that the Labour Party is beginning to take the under 5s seriously. After extensive lobbying by the National Childcare Campaign the Party's education spokesman, Giles Radice, has pledged a future Labour government to impose a statutory duty of local authorities to provide nursery places for all 3 and 4 year olds whose parents require them. He has grasped that the quantity of provision cannot be separated from that of quality and talks of an integrated service combining care and education.

Throughout the '70s encouraging developments appeared to be taking place within the trade unions. Conference agendas often contained resolutions demanding that employers provide creche facilities for workers with young children. Close examination of the small print showed that this meant employers with significant numbers of women workers. The few creches set up were used exclusively by mothers. When male trade unionists start demanding child care provision at *their* place of work for *their* children and male Labour MPs take the under 5s provision as seriously as they do primary and secondary schooling we might be on our way to a nursery education system comparable to that in the rest of Europe. And a lot of sexist ideas will have been demolished in the process. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□Mr David Pope, 54, of the Penmore Manor Hotel, Falmouth, has sent a letter to all guests and is confident they are obeying the 'save water' call. He added yesterday, 'I have asked the chambermaids to check the dirty water mark on the bath and they have all come down five inches.' — *Daily Telegraph* (Mrs A. Cohen)

□Alder Valley Bus Company officials were trying yesterday to thank a passenger who peeled off her tights so that a bus driver could tie up the vehicle's broken exhaust. When the bus arrived at Newbury she dashed off without leaving her name. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

□Cram is growing up a fine man — articulate now, even though he still calls lunch 'dinner' and supper 'tea' and always gracious. — *Guardian* (Michael Swan)

ENERGY INDUSTRY

Cutting the CEGB's power

The man who occupies the most public role in the politics of Britain's energy needs may be 71-year old Ian MacGregor; but the country's energy supremo is undoubtedly Sir Walter Marshall (left) whose move to the CEGB from the UK Atomic Energy Authority marked the decline of the latter and rise to dominance of the former. Without his compliance, the government could never have embarked on such a long, costly and damaging dispute with the miners. Yet virtually nothing is known of the CEGB's workings or intentions. Now some internal papers have been leaked giving an insight into the preoccupations of Britain's most monolithic quango.

Rob Edwards reports

THE CENTRAL Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) is secretive, intensely political and obsessed with public relations. For those who only guessed at those characteristics, they can now see them clearly in a remarkable series of highly confidential documents leaked from the Board.

The five documents, variously marked 'CEGB SECRET (Restricted)' or 'CEGB CONFIDENTIAL', were received by the Suffolk Preservation Society and submitted in support of its case at the Sizewell B Public Inquiry last month. They consist of high-level reports and internal memoranda between 1978 and 1982 dealing with the Board's plans for future nuclear power stations. Taken together they provide a rare insight into the machinations of one of Britain's most controversial organisations.

CEGB management is furious about what it describes as the 'misappropriation' of the papers. It has protested to the Inquiry that what has happened is 'improper and reprehensible' and is demanding that the Suffolk Preservation Society reveal the source of the leaks. Unfortunately for the CEGB, the Society's director, John Popham, would rather go to jail than betray his sources.

The documents reveal that the CEGB regards Hinkley Point in Somerset as the 'preferred' site for Britain's first Commercial Fast Breeder Reactor — a subject it has been remarkably coy about in public. The geological conditions there are said to be suitable for such development which would have to be buried in a vault some 30 metres below the ground. Another factor in the site's favour is undoubtedly the noted lack of any 'strong local opposition'. Hinkley Point, where there are already two nuclear stations, was earmarked as the site for the next ordinary (as opposed to fast reactor) nuclear station after Sizewell B following a fierce internal row in 1982.

Other sites revealed as contenders for the commercial fast reactor, should it ever be built, are the Lleyn Peninsula in North Wales, Starling Castle adjacent to the notorious Sellafield (formerly Windscale) site in Cumbria and (less likely) the UK Atomic Energy Authority's site at Winfrith in Dorset. All this is bad news for the employees at the Dounreay Fast Reactor Research Establishment on the north coast of Scotland who have always thought that they were destined for the honour.

Popular anxiety about nuclear power is met with obsessive preoccupation with public relations, manifest in the CEGB papers. In a meeting to discuss the 1978 Development Review, one senior official, anxious because 'some ground had been lost politically', stressed the importance of 'fostering the right attitude' towards a nuclear project amongst MPs. He said that the organisation of public visits to nuclear stations 'was a most effective public relations technique'.

Although the documents make plain that the CEGB wanted to press ahead quickly with the next nuclear station after Sizewell B, one paper refers to the need to manage public announcements in order to 'avoid giving the impression that the Board wished to press ahead unreasonably quickly with follow-up stations'. An important factor in choosing to go ahead with a new nuclear station in south west England is the need to 'use the goodwill that exists (in the area) while it lasts'.

There was lengthy internal debate in 1982 about how to announce the Board's next few chosen nuclear sites. A special 4-page paper discussed the public relations strategy in detail and outlined five different options. Four of the options were dismissed as being too awkward, basically because they involved releasing information. The problem was solved by the inspired notion of saying nothing at all until the last possible moment.

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One result of this attitude — and evidence of the effect of popular opposition — is that the CEGB has had to take the easy way out. The Director General of the South Western Region, Mr D. A. Pask, argued strongly in 1982 that in choosing a successor to Sizewell B the Board should take a 'robust stand' rather than 'bend too readily to judgements and public reactions'. In his view this meant opting for a controversial greenfield site at Herbury in Dorset instead of Hinkley Point. In the end he lost.

PUBLIC SUSPICION may have slightly clipped the CEGB's wings; but it is clear that the Board was planning to soar away as the sole controller of a huge and monolithic energy programme. Lately, the CEGB has taken to denying that there is any 'programme' for nuclear power development, preferring to stress instead that each new station will be judged on its merits. The leaked papers make clear that the Board did have a quite specific — and ludicrously ambitious — programme in mind. According to an appendix the Board was hoping in 1982 to follow Sizewell B by bringing into service eleven more Pressurised Water Reactor stations by the end of the century — a massive total of over 12,210 extra megawatts.

Throughout the leaked documents there are references to the CEGB's preference for nuclear power over coal — part of the government's deliberate strategy to break the political power of the miners. In 1978 the CEGB Planning Department were 'sceptical' about the National Coal Board's target of producing 135 million tons of coal in 1985 especially if 'rational policies were followed in relation to the closing of uneconomic pits'. In contrast to the huge nuclear expansion planned, not a single new coal-fired power station seems to be on the cards.

The leaked papers refer to discussions within the CEGB before Sir Walter Marshall and his cohorts moved in to take over (see *New Statesman* 22 July 1983). The organisation's Machiavellian and authoritarian character has doubtless been greatly enhanced over the last couple of years. To chart the situation precisely we shall probably have to await the next batch of CEGB leaks.

There is a depressing irony though in these leaked papers. Following the CEGB's protest over their release by the Suffolk Preservation Society, the Inquiry Inspector Sir Frank Layfield said that he was 'extremely reluctant to place weight on confidential material that has been obtained by other than a proper formal disclosure'. The way in which information is disclosed, it appears, is more important than what it has to disclose. □

MINERS' STRIKE

Intimidating behaviour

John Rose examines what happened at the 'Siege of Blidworth'

THE TRIAL of a Yorkshire miners' picket leader, 28-year-old Terry Dunn from Yorkshire Main Colliery at the Mansfield Magistrates' Court in Nottinghamshire passed virtually unnoticed in the last few days. Yet it was an extremely important trial, arising, as it did, from a nightmare of an event known locally as the 'Siege of Blidworth'.

Terry Dunn and 80 Yorkshire pickets were staying at the homes of striking Notts miners at the pit village of Blidworth during the week of the national miners' demonstration in Mansfield. This was the demonstration called by the NUM for Monday 14 May to boost the picketing of the Nottinghamshire pits. Late on the Wednesday night, 16 May, police searched the tents and caravans in the gardens where some of the miners were staying, hauled Terry Dunn away and then over a hundred policemen occupied the street for most of the night. It was a particularly tense week for the government, when the *Sun* printers had refused to print the picture of Scargill as a fascist, and the strike was teetering on the edge of being a general industrial and political confrontation.

Notts miner's wife Mrs Pauline Radford, close to tears during part of her evidence, gave the court a taste of what that night in May must have been like:

> They came demanding to know how many Yorkshire pickets we were putting up. They told the owner of the house where Terry was staying to 'piss off, it's got nothing to do with you.' They came through the back gate with torches. They pushed Terry up the driveway, towards the gate. I saw six of them dive into Terry, thumping him and grabbing him. Then, vans and vans of police came and lined up across the road — 60 or 70 maybe more.

Some of the Yorkshire miners had their tents, caravans and a dormobile in the gardens of three houses next to each other — at numbers 50, 52 and 54 Thorney Abbey Road. The Yorkshire miners and the Notts miners and their families were altogether chatting at number 54 when the police arrived.

Mrs Doreen Humber from no. 50 saw how Terry was arrested at no. 54: 'They'd edged him up to the top of the drive and pushed him through the gate. He ran round the back of a car and tried to get over the wall. About three policemen grabbed him. Four more came and gave him some fist and then pushed him into the van.'

Terry was pushed into a police van with a bloodied nose. He complained later of the type of handcuffs that were slapped on his wrists. Although the police denied violent behaviour, earlier in the trial, prosecution witness PC Clegg gave us an unusually frank description of the type of handcuffs that the police are using on arrested pickets: 'The handcuffs have a ratchet on them. The more you struggle, the tighter they get until they cut into your wrists.'

THE FOLLOWING day, Thursday 17 May, several TV channels screened interviews with residents shaken and horrified by what had happened. But the police kept the pressure up until the Yorkshire pickets decided to withdraw later that day, fearing for the safety of their Notts hosts and their families.

This was clearly the objective of Sergeant Wright and his Special Police Squad who had arrested Terry Dunn. These specialist squads were created by Nottinghamshire Chief Constable Charles McLachlan two weeks before the Mansfield demonstration and briefed, according to the *Daily Telegraph* (16 May), 'to patrol pit villages' and 'investigate reports of intimidation and identify offenders.'

The trial showed how these squads were operating a clever two-prong strategy to prise the Yorkshire pickets out of the county. Violent and menacing methods of policing are combined with relatively trivial charges. (Terry Dunn was charged with 'threatening behaviour and abuse'.) This serves to destroy the picketing (though no law is used against the picketing as such) and focus on miners committing *criminal*, rather than civil offences.

What was truly remarkable about this trial was the way all the police claims about 'intimidation' collapsed. In the police version of the story, they visited the homes of three Nottinghamshire miners and their families, who were billeting the Yorkshire pickets, because there had been a complaint from someone else in the street.

This person had been in a pub and told the police that 'innuendos' had been made against him. But the complanant did not come to court; there was no statement from him; the name of the pub did not appear in Police Sergeant Wright's notebook; the publican had no knowledge of the incident; there were no witnesses in the pub.

Of course, none of this matters. Terry Dunn was not charged with a crime associated with alleged intimidation. The claim of intimidation was the excuse the police needed to confront the Nottinghamshire strikers and their guests, the Yorkshire pickets and arrest the picket leader.

Terry Dunn was found guilty last Tuesday afternoon and conditionally discharged for six months. This mean verdict of the Mansfield magistrates came as quite a surprise given the weakness of the police case. Quite apart from the police being unable to provide a shred of evidence to demonstrate 'intimidation' by Terry or any other miner, two police prosecution witnesses, PC Clegg and Inspector Brigg, both conceded that they did not witness Terry Dunn committing any offence. The police case boiled down to whether or not Terry used swear words against the police. In the circumstances it would have been surprising if he wasn't swearing — although he insists he was not.

In any case this is not the point. The arrest and the police action surrounding it drove this organised group of pickets back to Yorkshire. And just to make sure, the Mansfield magistrates had already slapped their notorious bail restrictions on Terry to stop him picketing before his trial at any more Notts pits in the aftermath of the Mansfield demonstration. The verdict on him this week merely rubs salt into the wound already inflicted. □

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DIARY

The *New Statesman*'s acquisition of *New Society* has a welcome commercial logic which should help both to flourish. Yet I still feel a sense of unease. In my view they share a common affliction. In their different ways, each supped deeply from the poisoned chalice of Wilsonism — the *NS* in the sixties, *New Society* in the seventies — and are still reeling from the results. Separate and distinct recovery could be difficult. *New Society* gained a special place on the Left after 1968. It was not out of any attachment to those like myself, whom Paul Barker regards as squeezed radicals. But he gave left-wing writers space to develop their ideas. He has also demonstrated a remarkable judgment for original and well written 'social' arguments. Their development will surely compete with as well as complement the claims of the *New Statesman* in the uncertain process of intellectual and political renewal that lies ahead.

○

I have hesitated to write about the USSR in this diary as I have yet to set foot in that country. But predictions that the New Cold War would harden conditions there seem amply fulfilled. As so often, it is the small things that leave one on the verge of speechlessness. Did you know that for some time now it has been forbidden for Russians to send out of the country, without specific permission, books that are publicly on sale within it? An author may no longer send his or her own book to a colleague in the West or the Third World, libraries may not have exchanges with libraries abroad, unless they complete an invidious process of form filling of uncertain outcome. In some provincial towns it can be unclear where the official is to be found who can have the forms stamped. Nor does anyone seem to know the reason for this quite gratuitous and senseless impediment to cultural exchange between people. Is it a political move back towards the complete restrictions of Stalin's time, or a ludicrous attempt to gain hard currency by obliging foreigners to buy Soviet books through Collet's?

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Part of the grimness stems from the Soviet Union's belief that it no longer has anything to learn. Earlier this year I heard Teodor Shanin argue that once Russians did not know their past so much as their future, because this was what had already happened in *other* countries. Their felt backwardness made them energetic importers of new techniques and ideas. I asked when he thought this belief in the need to catch up had ended. He suggested it was when Brezhnev resolved the dispute as to whether the USSR was communist or socialist by issuing the edict that it was in a stage of 'advanced socialism'. Fatal hubris! The moment it declared itself to be advanced, Moscow fell into the shadows of desuetude.

○

I hesitate to recommend my computer to the Soviets to help them catch up, but what the hell. It is not our Soviet readers who will groan. . . Accounts such as one that recently appeared in *Byte*, the American personal computer magazine, show that the USSR is well behind American and Japanese technology, not to speak of their levels of manufacture. Yet nothing could be more suited to flexible planning and rapid, economical use of resources than extensive friendly computerization, which perhaps for the first time might actually make democratic socialism feasible.

○

Don't get me wrong, I'm not at all in favour of shipping in the latest technique or fashion just because a Rupert Murdoch minion says you are 'backward'. If the Russians really did want to computerize they should wait a while, such is the present rate of technical change. An hysterical example of Communist importation of 'new' ideas comes from Rumania. There, the notorious nepotist and Olympic freak Ceausescu has just introduced a new regulation of so-called 'self-management' so that:

> Workers will be paid according to the work they carry out and its consequent results. . .in the case of underfulfilment of norms. . .the wage will be proportionately lowered with no guaranteed income necessary.

The comrade who sent me this gem points out that not only can workers now have their entire wages docked if, through no fault of their own, machinery breaks down, but that provision is also made for a minus wage, sequestered if necessary from subsequent pay-packets. It's enough to make a capitalist weep.

○

Many visitors enthuse about the package tours of Russia. But friends who have just returned after a pretty awful trip heard rumours that Stalin may be rehabilitated next year, on the anniversary of the 1945 victory. Molotov's reinstatement into the Party was a possible foretaste. Of course, it is absurd to show film of the victorious 1945 march-past without Stalin. Hitler appears on Soviet television, likewise Stalin existed. At present his status as a historical *persona non grata* also screens Soviet citizens from any real knowledge of his crimes.

○

On the other hand, the Kremlin must admire the way the Americans can shamelessly rehabilitate their own disgraced leaders. If Stalin does bounce back and the press here fills with rightrous indignation, recall its deep structure of hypocrisy. A mere ten years after the anniversary of his resignation from the Presidency, the *New York Times* last week officially pronounced Richard Nixon an 'elder statesman'. Even more nauseating was the coverage in the *Washington Post* by Bob Woodward himself, who helped expose Watergate first. He wrote that Nixon 'remains a human mystery. We know a great deal about him but we do not know *him*'. What would the *Washington Post* say if the Russians reported that we did not know the *real* Joe Stalin who loved his mother, lived with inner turmoil, and found personal relations understandably difficult? Nixon now gets on the phone every day to widen his range of contacts. Evidently Woodward, the once great investigative reporter, has himself been earwigged. For the idea that there is an 'unknown Nixon' behind the public one is of course Nixon's own, long-standing, public relations gimmick. We certainly know the real Nixon well enough: crook, liar and war-criminal.

○

With this diary I am going to take a month's delayed paternity leave, in which I hope to catch up on my sleep.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Are you kidding?

'My fellow Americans, I am pleased to tell you that I have signed legislation that will outlaw Russia for ever. We begin bombing in five minutes.' — President Reagan, testing a microphone before a radio broadcast.

The President's sense of humour,
Which is subtle and refined
And often gives his managers a stroke,
Does not appeal to people
Of a rigid turn of mind,
Which makes them ill-equipped to take a joke.

Any gag to do with bombing,
Most observers will agree,
Is far above the average Russian head:
They are so unused to banter
That they even fail to see
The funny side of twenty million dead.

In a world that's short of laughter,
It is fitting that we kneel
To anyone adept at raising smiles:
It was just a case of clowning,
But we'll know the show's for real
When Ronnie has us rolling in the aisles.

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When strong men whisper

While lauding the progress in national pride and education, David Caute mourns Zanu's political drive which is neither democratic nor revolutionary

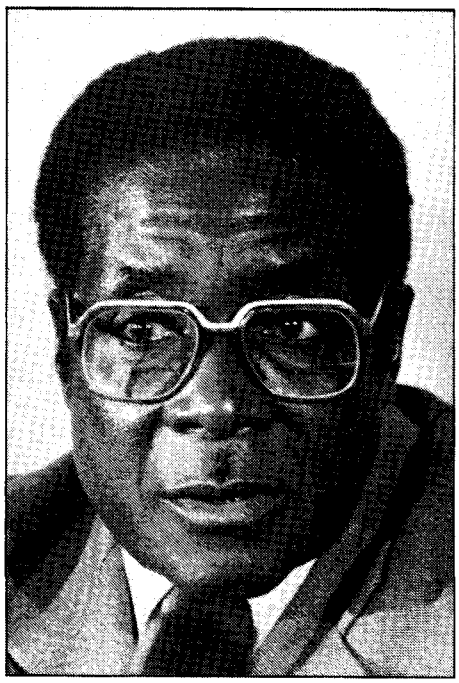
Harare

'LET US ALL DEFEND Cde R. G. Mugabe with our lives. Youth League.' This was typical of the slogans draped across the main stand of Borrowdale racecourse, Harare, in honour of the 2nd Congress of Zanu PF. In the old days 'Boss' Lilford and other punters of the Rhodesian Front used on Saturday afternoons to parade bellies of beef and beer at Borrowdale, sporting the club tie of the Mashonaland Turf Club. Last week the premises were taken over by 6,000 party delegates and the loudspeakers relayed 'newspeak' messages from North Korea rather than the Tote's odds on a filly called Super Country. The Central Intelligence Organisation was out in force, supported by the army: these are the one-party stakes and the stakes are high: Pamberi ne Mugabe! Pasi dissidents!

Zanu PF has come a long way since the first party congress was held in semi-clandestine conditions in 1963. Within a year Ian Smith had capped the gush of black nationalism south of the Zambesi with UDI; most of Zanu's elected leaders, including Ndabaningi Sithole, Robert Mugabe and Maurice Nyagumbo, were in jail. Twenty-one years later these men (but not the disgraced Sithole) are masters of Zimbabwe and the only political prisoners are their opponents.

The party has power but wants more. The pluralistic provisions and constitutional guarantees of the Lancaster House Agreement of December 1979 are denounced as intolerable fetters on 'true democracy' and the 'will of the people!' The party's leader, too, wants more power; not content to be Prime Minister, Minister of Defence, and President of the Party, he aspires to be an executive president like Nyerere, Kaunda, Machel, Nkrumah and Nasser. As another slogan at Borrowdale puts it, 'We love you, our consistent and authentic leader.' Glossy photographs distributed to the press along with the Party's new constitution show a very small moustache tucked neatly beneath the formidably intelligent nose.

Mugabe is much attached to history — to the remarkable historical adventure of a party which fought against overwhelmingly superior odds, laid down a guerrilla network in the countryside, gained the trust and loyalty of the peasantry, and gradually brought the curtain down on the geopolitical dream of Cecil Rhodes. But Mugabe seems to be less sensitive to another kind of history, to the wisdom of Locke, Tocqueville and Mill; armed with Marxism-Leninism, he perceives no virtue in pluralism, political opposition and free elections. Hence the prominence given this week at Borrowdale to the grey-suited delegates from the 'fraternal parties' of the USSR, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, China, East Germany and Poland. It was odd, and a little chilling, to hear the ritual ululation of the party women when they heard over the loudspeakers the name of General Jaruzelski. In Mugabe's semantic system, these are the 'democracies' — the rest is 'capitalism'.



Camera Press

Robert Mugabe: new moustache to go with the new Zanu constitution

As for the cult of personality, it is not a problem. I was told this by an East German official in 1965: 'Walter Ulbricht has personally condemned the cult of personality.' I was told the same thing last week by a cheerful group from a Youth Brigade in Manicaland: 'Robert Mugabe has personally condemned the cult of personality.' He also condemned, one recalls, the Emergency Powers exercised by the Smith regime: these have just been renewed, scarcely modified, for a further period of six months by the Minister of Home Affairs, despite protests from Zapu.

Zimbabwe has achieved a genuine national independence. The presiding spirit is proud, friendly and forgiving. Whites — unless lunatics dreaming of the Selous Scouts or South African agents — have nothing to fear. Advances in education and health care during the past four years have been astonishing. But the 'revolution' in Zimbabwe remains, according to Frantz Fanon's formula, nationalist and bourgeois. It is socialist only in rhetoric. The young peasant men and women who spearheaded the guerrilla struggle from bases in Mozambique and Zambia have lost out to smarter graduates who spent the war years in Europe and America. Many of the ex-combatants are now unemployed. Some commentators are reminded of what happened in Kenya: former Mau Mau men selling shoelaces on the streets of Nairobi.

THE SOCIALIST rhetoric of the ruling party in Zimbabwe dutifully echoed by the semi-official press and broadcasting media, emerges as a substitute for a socialist policy. Mugabe is no doubt right to point out that genuine socialism is not a 'one-day wonder'; yet the fact remains that four years after he took power Zimbabwe's economy, whether industrial, financial, commercial or agricultural, closely resembles that of white Rhodesia. The land reform programmes are excellent in principle but totally inadequate in practice. I recall following Zanu PF's campaign trail in February 1980, the relentless promises to the 'povo' (peasantry) of land — the good soils, the white farms. Today a mere 28,000 black families have been resettled out of a projected four-year target of 163,000, and out of a long-term need for about 300,000 re-settled families. The communal lands, formerly the tribal trust lands, are so impoverished that 80 per cent of their inhabitants are women and children. Meanwhile some 300,000 rural squatters indicate the scale of Zimbabwe's land hunger.

One is bound to reflect on these betrayed promises as one listens to the relentless chants of 'pamberi' and 'pasi', of 'a luta continua' and 'long live'; 'a bas' this and 'down with' that. Slogans, slogans: smiling delegates, sleeping delegates, women with Mugabe on their bosoms and bums, including a scattering of white groupies with the pale, potato look of Protestant missionaires. But not far from this vast display of fellow-travelling and smart business suits at Borrowdale racecourse one can find the face of fear, the muted voice, the constant glance over the shoulder, characteristic of an ailing democracy.

In 1982 members of Nkomo's Zapu and former soldiers of Zipra were willing to talk freely provided they were guaranteed anonymity; but now men who fought the Selous Scouts and the Grey's Scouts in Matabeleland and Urungwe, in Belingwe and the Matopos, actually change their testimony when tape-recorded. Strong men whispering.

And who will speak up for them if they dare not speak up for themselves? Not the British Foreign Office; not Mrs Thatcher (provided the political detainees are black — Bishop Abel Muzorewa, leader of the UANC, has been detained without trial for eight months); not the Labour Party. That estimable organisation, to which I belong, sent a delegate to Zanu PF's Congress whom Mugabe introduced as 'Lord

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Hailsham' until corrected: 'Lord Hatch, he prefers to do without the Lord, just plain John Hatch.' Hatch, the former *New Statesman* Africa expert, managed in his fraternal speech to avoid any mention of Matabeleland, pacification, free elections or detention without trial: it was safer to speak of Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisulu and how Hatch had been declared a prohibited immigrant by the Smith regime. I imagine Hatch being paraded round radical Africa, from one platform to the other, embracing one president after another, mouthing safe platitudes, happy.

What lies ahead for Zimbabwe is not socialism but presidential power. The party's new constitution emasculates the Central Committee by enlarging it from a relatively muscular 33 to a flabby 90. It also creates a 15-person Politburo to be nominated by the President and his Deputy rather than elected. As the Catholic magazine *Moto* comments:

> Socialist rhetoric has been rampant in the party while the country 'pragmatically' progresses with a mixed economy. In fact there are no indicators to suggest that the country will see moves towards a socialist transformation of the economy.

EVIDENCE OF CORRUPTION is mounting. One businessman, Sampson Paweni, is on trial, charged with bribing officials and pocketing 5 million dollars intended for drought relief. Mugabe ceaselessly warns against corruption and the party's new constitution contains an admirable code of personal conduct for the nation's leaders, whether politicians or civil servants — admirable, that is, if it is heeded. The 'povo' believe that almost everyone in power is lining their pockets; they have waited eagerly throughout the congress for famous heads to roll but Mugabe protests that he lacks proof and therefore cannot act against individuals.

The problem of Zapu remains. Despite pacification in Matabeleland, often lethal and frequently brutal, only fear can persuade a Ndebele to exchange his Zapu card for a Zanu one. The ruling party suffers violence at the hands of dissidents but also practises it. Recently Zanu PF militia attacked crippled ex-Zipra combatants at Vukuzenzele co-operative and beat them. When Senator Garfield Todd, who had donated the land to the co-operative, intervened he got a revolver in the throat and a bayonet point in the solar plexus for his pains. Mugabe has followed in Muzorewa's footsteps by creating a militia of swaggering, power-happy young men capable of terrorising innocent civilians. Only the names, and the uniforms are different. Reporting the incident at Vukuzenzele co-operative, the courageous journal *Moto* noted: 'But, of course, the matter will not reach the House of Parliament.'

The results of the elections to the party's central committee are the subject of feverish speculation. Reportedly in disfavour are E. Zvobgo, K. Kangai, H. Ushewokunze and R. Hove of the existing elite; on the rise are M. Nyagumbo, N. Shamuyarira, F. Shava, W. Mangwende and N. Mawema. Such changes mean to more to the 'povo' than the fall of C. Parkinson or (perhaps) J. Prior mean to the unemployed in Britain. What matters is that the land remains in the hands of the white farmers and that the general election due in February is bound to be Zimbabwe's last. □

SPAIN

Why the U-turn?

Howell Llewellyn asks if the Socialist premier is using the threat of leaving NATO to secure better terms of entry to the EEC

Madrid

UNTIL NOW, Spain's Socialist prime minister Felipe Gonzalez has been the envy of his European colleagues. His 20 months in office have been a smooth ride, with an ineffective Francoist-tainted opposition and a party membership too loyal to question the record of Spain's first left-of-centre government since the 1930s.

No matter that Felipe, as he is still widely referred to, probably does not deserve such good fortune. With unemployment brushing 20 per cent and rising, torture still practised in police stations and an unexpectedly strong pro-US foreign policy, he might have expected greater disillusion among the 10 million voters who gave the Socialists an absolute majority in the October 1982 elections.

But Gonzalez' long honeymoon is likely to come to a tempestuous end this autumn, and by the time his party's 30th congress closes in December he could be tasting defeat and even calling early elections.

Between now and the congress, Gonzalez has to persuade his party that Spain's future is inside the North Atlantic alliance. The problem is that the Socialists swept to power on an anti-NATO ticket and the majority of Spaniards are against alliance membership.

Gonzalez himself has changed from being an anti-NATO campaigner to one of NATO's firmest devotees in Spain, and a coalition of pacifists, leftwingers, anti-nuclear lobbyists and a growing faction inside his party called 'Socialist Left' is sharpening its knives for a hot autumn leading up to the December congress.

One of the problems is that nobody knows — or is telling — what made Felipe turn. Critics talk of 'pressure' over tough negotiations to join the EEC, or over Gilbraltar, or future trade with the US, but government spokespersons rush to deny such claims.

Spain is in fact already a member of NATO's political wing, joining in May 1982 under the previous centrist government. The Socialists fiercely attacked NATO entry then and pledged to freeze negotiations on full military integration — which they did within days of taking office — and hold a referendum so that 'the Spanish people themselves can decide on our membership'.

Party activists were delighted, and polls showed a large majority in favour of leaving NATO. Spain's tradition of neutrality would be preserved, and the country's young post-Franco democracy could concentrate on strengthening links with Africa and Latin America.

BUT WITHIN six months of taking office Gonzalez was for the first time being publicly ridiculed by the left wing of his own party at anti-NATO demonstrations. There was no sign of the referendum and Gonzalez was expressing his 'comprehension' of NATO's decision to deploy cruise and Pershing II missiles during a May 1983 visit to Bonn.

By last December, Gonzalez was arguing that Spain could never be neutral in the world arena. Membership of NATO, ministers, army commanders and newspaper columnists have argued, would concentrate the coup-prone army's mind on external defence, away from internal security, and help its overdue modernisation. It would increase the chance of NATO-monitored command of Britain's Gibraltar base and the eventual transfer of sovereignty over the Rock. It would strengthen Spain's international stature and, most importantly, spur Spain's ambition to become a full member of European institutions.

Anti-NATO protestors, realising a campaign was underway to convince Socialists NATO membership was now irreversible, responded with a series of CND-type carnival protests, culminating in a 300,000-strong Madrid demonstration in June. Despite a Socialist Party boycott of the demo — the sort of demo it used to organise when in opposition — several 'Socialist Left' deputies (MPs) took part, as well as Madrid's popular Socialist Mayor Enrique Tierno, and leaders of the main Socialist UGT trade union.

Battlelines have been drawn, and a coalition of 300 groups called the pro-referendum committee is now planning massive autumn protests to demand 'active neutrality' and an immediate plebiscite which asks the simple question: 'NATO, yes or no?'

There is no doubt that NATO wants Spain. With coastal access to the Bay of Biscay, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Strait of Gibraltar, the Balearic Islands and the Canary Islands off West Africa, Spain is strategically important.

But does the EEC want Spain as a member? Despite a change of heart by Mitterrand's France and a promise of membership on 1 January 1986, the EEC has laid down harsh conditions for accession.

And thereby lies the crunch. Gonzalez is determined to negotiate acceptable entry terms, and the view of 'Socialist Left' and many others is quite simple: NATO membership is the price of EEC entry. A commitment by the Socialists to stay in NATO would mean far easier conditions than those currently on offer and bitterly criticised by Gonzalez himself.

But such pressure works both ways. The EEC is unlikely to maintain stiff entry conditions if Felipe keeps his NATO options open. It would therefore be absurd for Gonzalez to call a referendum before agreeable 1986 entry terms were signed and sealed, especially as

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there is every chance of a 'NATO No' vote.

It is also possible that improved EEC terms — quicker access for Spanish agriculture to European markets, bigger fishing quotas and lower trade tariffs — would sweeten the NATO pill for many waverers. Gonzalez knows Spaniards would more readily accept military integration (NATO) if it followed economic integration (EEC).

Gonzalez has promised to announce a clear government position on NATO before December's congress, and in a June speech apparently ruled out the option of full military integration. He implied the people's choice would be either withdrawal, or continued membership outside the military command, as at present.

Either option would mean the maintenance of the four joint Spanish-US bases in Spain — thus ruling out the Socialists' one-time neutralist ambition, and Spain's pledge not to allow nuclear weapons on its territory.

Who is putting the pressure on whom? Felipe on the EEC to win better entry conditions? Or NATO on Felipe over the EEC, Gibraltar, and trade? NATO's opponents are in no doubt: they say if Spain doesn't leave NATO, it will not be for fear of the Eastern bloc, but because of blackmail by its allies. □

US ELECTIONS

Behind this joke

Claudia Wright reports on finding the authentic Reagan

Washington

NOW THAT party conventions have become coronations, the campaign staffs for both the Democratic and Republican candidates have come up against an unanticipated difficulty. This is the problem of demonstrating that their man is *real*.

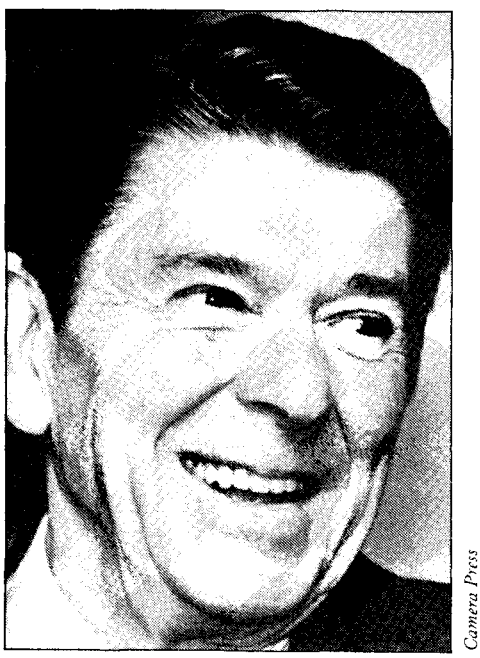
The traditional convention used to demonstrate at the very least that the victorious nominee could bargain, threaten, crack jokes, cajole, curse, even speak — in a word, lead. The unpredictability of the politicking had the advantage of illustrating what candidates could do under pressure and unrehearsed. That used to be the hallmark of authenticity in political campaigns — it was what crowds gathered to see. Today the candidates are more likely to demonstrate their authenticity when they misread their teleprompter scripts or commit gaffes of memory or logic. On this criterion President Reagan has a greater personal advantage than his critics have understood.

There is a company in New York that specializes in producing authenticity for television commercials — for finding 'real people' to advertise and endorse products. The director of the company learned his skill in that evergreen TV series, *Candid Camera*. His recent work has included finding a family named MacDonald to perform a commercial endorsing the food at Burger King. Advertising executives who make this type of commercial say real people are needed to provide lines the agency copy-writers hadn't thought of, and to demonstrate an authenticity the television audience apparently can see through in actors. This is said to be especially visible when real people make mistakes on camera. (Real people are also cheaper than actors because they aren't paid the rates of the Screen Actors Guild.)

In the business of finding and producing real people for television, advertising agencies say they prefer California and Minnesota for their search. Californians and Minnesotans, they say, are typically people other Americans consider authentic — they lack the distinguishing marks of accent, mannerism, or ethnicity that characterize Americans from the Northeast cities or the South — who are regarded elsewhere as too eccentric to represent anyone but themselves. On this criterion Mr Reagan of California and Mr Mondale of Minnesota are perfectly matched to appear real to the national audience. The President's problem, however, is that advertising directors rule out Los Angeles for finding real people — everyone there, they say, is an actor. How then is Mr Reagan to be perceived to be real when everyone knows he is an actor?

The answer is the same as the advertising agencies have come up with. When the President pulls at ear and nose as he tries to retrieve the sense his brain has misplaced; as he stumbles verbally, misspeaks, and blunders in his public appearances, his performance looks too effable to be an actor's — but it is first-class as a 'real person'. Thus, what professional political analysts and the literate class of the country consider to be the President's most serious liability turns at to be the main source of his appeal among those not already committed to voting for or against him. As Mr Mondale makes few errors and gives the appearance he understands what he is saying, this is a difficult quality for him to match.

How much public stumbling and, accordingly, how much reality to allow to be visible in the President's campaign is a serious tactical problem for his handlers. Clumsy as Mr Reagan is, his handlers are frightened of him — and even more of his wife. For when Mr Reagan's brain registers an idea, it hangs on to it very stubbornly, and it can pop out on the most unexpected occasions.



Camera Press

'Ho, ho, ho'

A veteran of his 1980 campaign recalls a strategy meeting in Atlanta Airport when the more intellectually competent advisors were terrified to let the President hear too much on the subject of space weapons for fear he would begin endorsing them publicly — lending credence to the Carter campaign's charges that he wanted a new arms race with the Russians. None of the advisors present dared to intervene when it seemed Nancy Reagan was coaching her husband towards the 'Star Wars' idea he seemed to like.

This unstable atmosphere makes for vulnerability in running an election campaign. The instability worsens when the President slips in the polls, faces hostile audiences, becomes the butt of jokes, or must campaign from behind.

The President's idea of a joke is a flash of aggression. The campaign pressure was beginning to show in a pre-broadcast microphone test last Saturday when he said: 'My fellow Americans, I am pleased to tell you I've just signed legislation which outlaws Russia forever. The bombing begins in five minutes.' In the Reagan court, when the President and his wife think that's funny, everyone laughs.

With one exception (the McGovern nomination in 1972), the party conventions produce a positive surge in the polls. If the Reagan-Bush ticket fails to achieve a surge after the Republican convention, that will be the first major indicator of a phenomenon that occasionally strikes advertising campaigns, but has so far never struck Mr Reagan — that is 'reality surfeit'. It can happen when audiences decide they have seen enough of the reality behind the candidate to want to vote against him. The consumer confidence index, as measured by the Conference Board, fell last month to its lowest level since last year. But far more ominous for the President is the Gallup poll's finding that in June the threat of war became the first choice of most voters as the most important problem facing the country today. Independent voters were even more concerned about this than either Democrats or Republicans.

Another authentic Reagan joke like the one about the bombing of Russia could change the reality of the campaign irreparably, but much depends on the Democrats' nerve and willingness to fight. Mr Mondale's first response to the Reagan remark was so mild it let the President off the hook. He lacked forcefulness and combativeness — precisely the qualities which, according to the polls, voters say they identify in Ms Ferraro but cannot find in Mr Mondale. Ms Ferraro, however, has so far said nothing. It was left to the defeated candidate, Gary Hart, to say what should have been said: 'Maybe it's the early stress of the campaign. It could be that [the President is] not getting enough vacation time, who knows. Or, on the other hand, more frighteningly, perhaps it's in moments of that sort that [Reagan's] real feelings come out, which is the most dismaying and distressing possibility.' □

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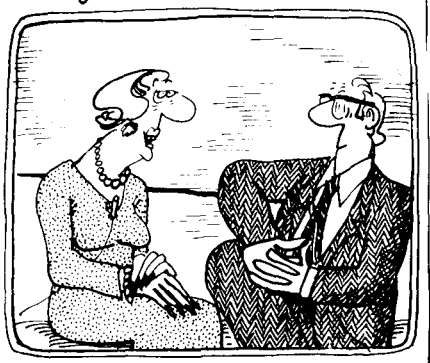
BRETECHER

HAPPY TO BE HERE

I've always made the most of my opportunities...



...you could say I've made it my business to be happy... that's not as easy as it sounds... you have to take it one day at a time...

...I'm an optimist by nature, you see... optimism is a gift... and it's something I've always had...

...of course I've been lucky enough to meet some of the great men of our time... it's part of the job... and they've been a great inspiration...

...in life, looks are far less important than character... but I never forget that I'm a woman... sometimes I look in the mirror and say "You're no Liz Taylor but you've got guts"...

...I don't find it difficult being in the public eye... but one must have a private life... and my family has always come first...

...my husband has been wonderful... he has tremendous qualities... he's a great help and support... of course it's not always easy for him...

...we try to be together as much as possible... especially when times are difficult and this brings us even closer. I believe I've played no small part in helping him make a success of his own career...

...I'm lucky enough to be very close to my children... they're my friends... of course they have their own lives... they're often away... but we have the most marvellous family Christmases!

...I must be very fortunate... mind you, upbringing is so important although I expect I'll spoil my grandchildren

...when I think how many people lead unproductive lives... saddle themselves with debts... I'm grateful to my parents...

...who taught me that life has so much to offer...

BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Labour's angry library

Lesley Borlase, Secretary, TGWU 1/975 Branch

We are writing to correct the impression given by the General Secretary of the Labour Party that there was no 'angry confrontation' about cuts in Library staff at Walworth Road (Letters 3 August). We cannot speak for the General Secretary, but the staff side is in a very angry mood. After all, the Library's future is at stake.

Since the General Secretary has chosen to give a public airing of his views, we believe it is appropriate for us to pose some questions which may help to clarify the problems we face:

(a) why does the management refuse to discuss with staff the role and purpose of the Library in servicing head office and the wider party membership? The Librarian is still waiting for a reply to proposals made in 1981 and re-submitted in 1983!

(b) What is the management doing to develop a coherent 'information system' for Walworth Road with the Library as a key element? There has been an increasing duplication of functions between departments, which offers plenty of scope for improving efficiency.

(c) When will the management come to grips with the use of new technology in constructing an information system? Computerisation has so far been a fiasco with no staff consultation in most departments, let alone a new technology agreement. Incredible as it may seem, the Library has no access to a computer terminal.

(d) Why has the management singled out the Library for a disproportionate share of staff cuts? Is there a rational reason, or has it just been easier to pick off a relatively weak and isolated section of the building? Staff have been reduced from nine to four in two years. Far from being the basis of an information system, the Library has been turned into a filing box.

The answers to these questions can only be clarified as management failures, which have accumulated over many years. The re-organisation demanded by Party Conference after the incompetent performance of June 1983 has just not happened. The attitude towards the Library is symptomatic of a much deeper paralysis at Walworth Road. Yes, we are angry.

Train accidents: who keeps tabs?

Sally Marullo, London SE1

I am glad you have highlighted the consequences, in terms of increased accidents, of the spending cuts on British Railways (*NS* 3 August). These extend far beyond maintenance work.

Two years ago, an Italian friend attended a conference at St Andrews and arrived at the local station at midnight on a Sunday. No BR staff were on platform duty. The train stopped briefly but allowed insufficient time for passengers to alight. It sped off again with two doors flapping open. My friend ended up with a broken arm, having been jerked from the moving train. Fortunately, he was taken to a local hospital by a conference organiser, who just happened to be the only person on the platform, since he was waiting for other conference participants, who themselves were unable in fact to get off until the next station. They were 'lucky' enough to receive reimbursement, eventually, for the additional taxi fare incurred.

Despite a complaint from the conference organisers, no investigation was made, nor did my friend receive an apology or any form of compensation. I wonder whether such incidents figure in the published statistics anyway, when clearly no staff were available to make a report at the time and no attempt appears to have been made since to investigate the circumstances.

Revolutionary farming

William H. Hinton, Fleetwood, PA, USA

Jonathan Mirsky compresses, twists and slants his victim's words (*NS* 13 July) so as to turn reasonable statements into caricatures of themselves.

I never contemplated retiring to Long Bow Village (the hills of Licheng County are a different matter) nor am I any kind of back-to-the-land primitivist. I am a state-of-the-art farmer who abhors both hoe and carrying pole and I worked for years with Long Bow peasants to achieve a reasonable level of mechanisation so that they would have something to show for their labour. My critique of the responsibility system is based in part on the disastrous consequences of individual family contracts for mechanization. The break-up in Long Bow rendered the brigade machinery all but useless for farming — a result which I discussed in some detail with Mirsky but which he chose to ignore in favour of his own fantasy of Hinton 'carrying night-soil buckets to co-operative fields to the end of his days'.

Meanwhile, according to Mirsky, Long Bow peasants 'would do almost anything' to get their hands on some of my good Pennsylvania corn land. Of course any farmer would like some of this limestone land, but any family that had the use of only an acre of it and that acre split far and near into six or eight pieces would be well advised to pool it with their neighbours and farm it co-operatively. If they didn't their standard of living would forever hover at whatever level a ton or two of grain per man-labour-year would support because that's all you can produce with a hoe on scattered plots.

Concerning the Great Leap period what one Long Bow peasant told me was: 'That Communist Wind really go us into trouble'. He was referring to ultra-left excesses imposed on the co-operative movement during that period, not to the co-operative movement itself. Twenty-five years of joint tillage brought great prosperity to Long Bow and enabled brigade members not only to mechanize many fields but to build many fine community-run industries, now contracted out to the highest bidder, to be run, in effect, for personal profit. I never said Long Bow villagers were 'furious' at the privatization of these public assets. I said they opposed the move and only carried it out under orders.

It would be pointless to try to correct all the distortions and mis-statements in Mirsky's travesty of a report, but since he began with the newly-rich chicken farmer who bought a car and feigned amazement that I should find anything wrong with her swift rise to fame and fortune I would like to make clear, first: that the numbers (eggs, chickens, hired labourers) are estimates made by me on the basis of a single kilogram figure for eggs sold by the enterprising lady in the first three months of 1984. Second: the point of the whole exercise was to discover if she and her family could produce that much on their own or if they had to hire labour to do it. Families that earn more through exploitation (wage labour, rent, interest) than through their own labour have long been defined as rich peasants and castigated as such. Since one of the two guiding principles for building socialism in China still officially remains 'to each according to his work', the developing gap between rhetoric and reality is bound to have serious consequences for society as a whole.

Perugia dialogues

Jan Kavan, Palach Press, London WC2

Lynne Jones (*NS* 3 August) mentioned my opinion that the presence of the officials from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe at the Perugia END Convention provided an opportunity to confront them with the questions that independent activists would have asked had they been there. However, by contrasting my view with the opinions of those who found the presence of the government's 'peace' committees unacceptable, the impression might have been created that I endorsed the decision to invite both the officials and the independent peace and civil rights activists.

This was not the case. I pointed out that none of the officials have ever expressed their agreement with the 1980 END Appeal — the only common denominator of the Perugia delegates — and that therefore they should be invited as observers only and not as full participants as was done. I believe that next time their presence should be made *conditional* upon the presence of the independent East European activists who are, after all, the peace movement's natural allies.

Ron Huzzard, Quaker Peace & Service, London NW1

My overall assessment of the Perugia END convention differs from that of Lynne Jones. The attendance of the Soviet and other East European peace committees did permit a helpful exchange of ideas in many of the workshops dealing with clearly defined subjects. I participated in those discussing military expenditure, arms conversion and the role of the churches. There was much agreement on the tasks ahead. There were countless opportunities in the streets and in cafes for East-West dialogue and also helpful meetings on the nuclear winter, the position of conscientious objectors and other current peace issues.

I went to Perugia, together with two colleagues on behalf of Quaker Peace and Service, to develop East-West dialogue on ending the nuclear threat, halting the waste of resources on weaponry and strengthening links between the peace movements in East and Western Europe. In my view the dramatic interventions at the two indoor rallies did not contribute to this process. The most encouraging event was the joint press conference held by the Hungarian Peace Committee and independent groups from Hungary.

Perugia provided the opportunity for the different peace movements in Europe to begin shaking off attitudes that reflect cold war divisions. World peace demands that we search for unity on those things we have in common and not keep reiterating our known differences. That surely is what co-existence and détente are all about.

Games people play

Ephraim Prout, London SW5

Surely we can expect better of the *New Statesman* than Eamon Dunphy's reference (*NS* 10 August) to the 'heterosexual men and homosexual women' who were among the athletes of 140 nations gathered in the arena at the opening of the Olympic Games?

Is there not here more than a trace of the chauvinism and homophobia which ascribes lesbianism to the athletic woman, and denies the possibility of homosexuality to the athletic (aka 'virile') man?

Shame on you Dunphy! Shame on you *New Statesman*!

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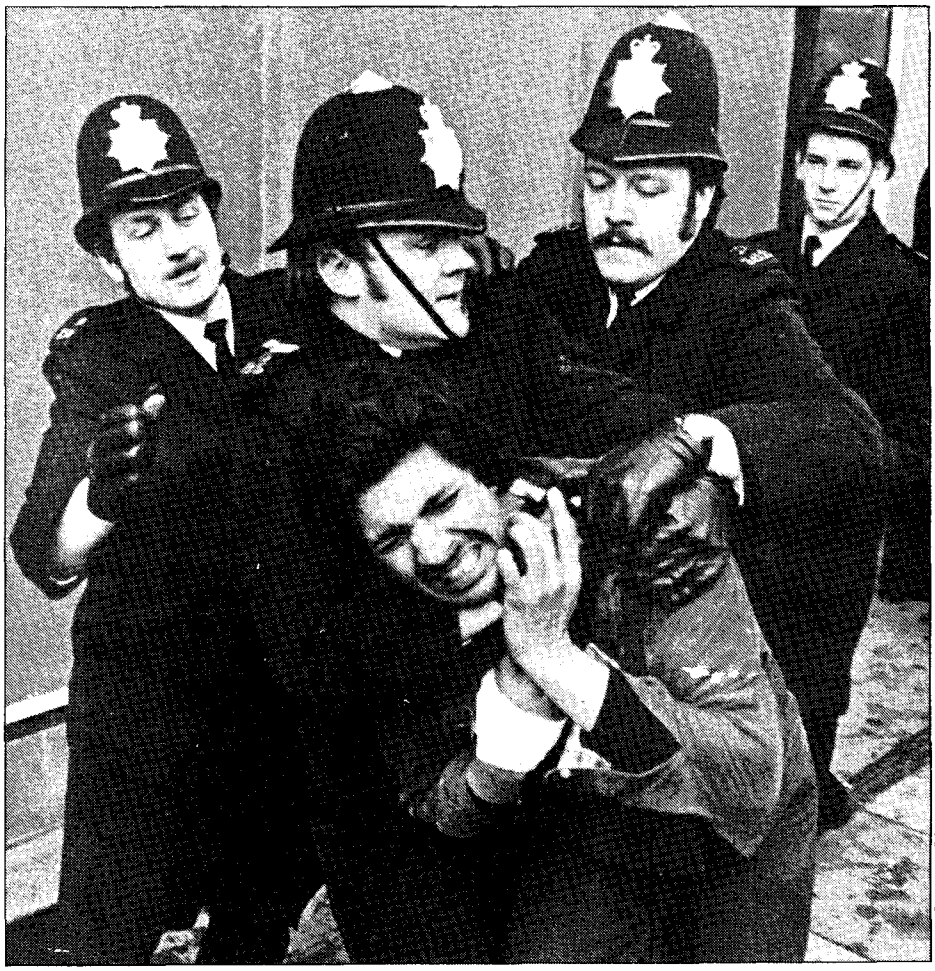
Ian Taylor

A fair cop?

Hooligans Abroad: the behaviour and control of English fans in Continental Europe
JOHN WILLIAMS, ERIC DUNNING and PATRICK MURPHY
Routledge £8.95
In the Underworld
LAURIE TAYLOR *Basil Blackwell* £7.95
Cop World: Policing the Streets of San Diego
JAMES McCLURE *Macmillan* £12.95
Law and Disorder
JOHN ALDERSON *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95
What is to be done about Law and Order?
JOHN LEA and JOCK YOUNG *Penguin* £2.95



John Sturrock/Network

The dangers 'of merely policing an unjust society'

Six years after Margaret Thatcher's first election victory — with its clarion promise of a new law-and-order regime — we still await a serious, scholarly Thatcherite criminology. All the titles reviewed here are certainly written with 'progressive' intent, or, at least, from the perspective of an interested (if troubled) social scientific objectivism. Taken as a whole, they exhibit the considerable diversity of approach — what some would call the considerable theoretical and political polarisation — that is now characteristic of 'progressive' British criminology.

Though it may not have been their main intention, Williams, Dunning and Murphy graphically illustrate the rationale behind current anxieties over law and order among working people and liberal, or progressive, opinion. **Hooligans Abroad** is a tiresome and unsettling read. We are given a series of cameos detailing the limited interests and small-minded jingoism of poor white British youth, venting its economic, sexual and social frustrations on 'foreigners' at the World Cup finals in Spain, or,in 1982, booing the black players introduced into the under-21 side in Copenhagen. More than anything I was reminded of a prophetic little novel, *Albion! Albion!* by Dick Morland published in 1974, which visualises an impoverished England in the 1990s terrorised by the supporters of four new regional football clubs, the whole charade being orchestrated by a cynical but clear-headed ruling class.

Williams, Dunning and Murphy do not admit to any such fundamental foreboding. Instead, their account of the young poor whites' search for aggravation is framed as an exercise in 'appreciative' sociological investigation: the concern to assert that 'all human behaviour involves some degree of rationality and meaning'. In practice, no such appreciative explanation emerges: the recital of incident after incident of racist, sexist or nationalist aggression collapses, as surely it must, into proposals for the reduction and/or better containment of hooligan behaviour. This is surely no bourgeois insensitivity: soccer is losing thousands of traditional working-class spectators by the year. It is, nonetheless, a shame that the book's proposals (for tighter stewardship of supporters, strict government control of travel firms, etc) are not more clearly underwritten by a political vision.

My good friend Laurie Taylor's sociological commitments have also been those of 'appreciation', but his reportage of his recent expeditions **In the Underworld** has a rather different feel. Here we are given the transcripts of a number of conversations in clubs and pubs in London with practising professional criminals to whom Laurie was introduced by John McVicar. The conversations all have their interest, especially in revealing what activities 'speiling', 'hoisting' and 'tweedling' actually are, and the encounters are written up with characteristic Laurie Taylor humour.

But Laurie's curiously uncritical reliance on John McVicar, his friends and contacts *is* a troubling phenomenon. In the nature of professional crime, direct participant observation is probably out of the question, but it would certainly have given us some distance on 'Geoff', 'Lennie' and 'Champagne Charlie' if the accounts they gave to Laurie could have been compared to autobiographical, sociological and other existing literature on professional crime. And, given the repeated references to his criminals' disdain for 'straight' working-class society ('wallies'), it is a pity that Laurie could not have speculated more on the economic, political and ideological significance of organised crime.

There are lots of different criminals and 'wallies' in James McClure's **Cop World**. Written in a similar journalistic style to his earlier investigation of the Merseyside Police, *Spike Island,* this is an account of the daily life of squad car officers in San Diego, California. The purpose of the account is not only to humanise the reader's image of police work, but to give support to the form of 'Community Oriented Policing' which is currently practised in that city. McClure shows how a police force which has systematically de-emphasised the 'macho' approach to policing (whether by training officers in human relations, or by banning black sunglasses and other threatening aspects of police uniform) has been able to build up a rapport with a very fractured and 'wide open' southern Californian city.

McClure's intent is clearly consistent with the life work of the former Chief Constable of Devon and Cornwall, John Alderson. Alderson's latest book, **Law and Disorder**, is a development of earlier themes but has a more explicitly (Liberal) political purpose. Alderson now believes that criminal violence, like 'social and industrial damage', is a product of the

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'historical antagonism between those old adversaries socialism and conservatism'. The resolution to those false antagonisms, he argues, is to work for the re-establishment and extension of 'communitarian democracy': the extension of a network of neighbourhood based 'community forums', industrial democracy and cooperatives throughout Britain.

Alderson's thesis should receive at least one cheer from the Left. It is, after all, a determined public argument from an authoritative and informed police expert for the inextricable connection between government economic and social policy. But Alderson also vehemently denies the social democratic insistence on 'community' being a product of the abolition of class inequality: it is, instead, a matter of 'education' and of 'greater civic consciousness'. This *is* a curious metaphysic for Britain in 1984. John Alderson provides no account for the headlong shift towards a *centralised* police force, neither does he account for the reality that he is an increasingly isolated voice in police circles.

Realism, on the other hand, is what underlies the latest title in Penguin's 'Crisis in the Eighties' series, **What is to be done about Law and Order?**. Produced in conjunction with the Socialist Society and co-authored by Jock Young, one of the founding members (with Laurie Taylor, as well as this reviewer) of the National Deviancy Conference, this is likely to be widely read on the Left (some sections of the argument have already excited vigorous controversy). The primary purposes of the book are to insist on the real importance of crime to working people and to attack the tendency of earlier 'left wing criminologists' to focus on the ideological creation of crime in the news or on what they see as the 'real' crimes (tax evasion, pollution, corporate illegality). What Lea and Young insist on is the need for a realistic, socialist analysis of the conventional crimes of burglary, assault and theft.

I cannot argue with such a project, since it is so clearly a development out of my own *Law and Order: Arguments for Socialism* (1981) and is, indeed, referenced as such. What matters in the construction of a new socialist realism, however, is the definition of the *interest* that is to be defended. Lea and Young have opted for 'the working class' and attempt to develop a penal and social policy for Labour which can reconnect 'the working class' to its party. 'Realistic' punishment of offenders and support for heavy, though accountable, policing of high crime areas are central to this perspective.

It is a tempting vision, but it also involves some blindness as to the real fracturing of interests, not only within the working class but also among the workless. Bea Campbell's brilliant *Wigan Pier Revisited* is an irresistible account of the *fundamental* inequalities of interest between men and women in both the employed and unemployed working-class. And the new work of young black sociologists and the GLC Police Committee, so heavily criticised by Lea and Young, is evidence of the fundamental consequences of institutionalised racism in dividing 'the working class'.

A realistic socialist criminology for the 1990s should be able to speak to those broad differences of interest. In Thatcher's Britain, it should also speak of the real dangers, rather than the benefits, of merely policing an unjust society. □

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

On the beach

'I AM GLAD to have become a portable writer in my old age because I was a perpetual reader of pocket collections when I was a boy, with a book bulging in one coat pocket and a notebook in the other' — so testifies V. S. Pritchett in a 1984 preface to an anthology of himself, **The Other Side of the Frontier** (Robin Clark, £6.95).

At this time of the year, many of us are also looking for portable writers, in our role as travelling readers, and for this purpose, as Pritchett indicates, what we need is several titles within one set of covers. Preferably an author we have always meant to dip into more deeply. . .which is another way of saying someone whose works appear more often in our talk than in our hand.

For me, this summer's challenge has been two recent collections, both (rather misleadingly) titled **The Penguin Thomas Hardy.** One contains *The Trumpet-Major, The Woodlanders, Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure.* The other, *Under the Greenwood Tree, Far From the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge.* Each has a satisfying, serious-looking solidity — the first just over 1,200 pages for £5.50, the second almost a thousand for £4.95.

True, there is a huge swathe of book buyers, impulse pickers at railway stations and airports, who want only thrillers, detective stories, science fiction, spy adventures, the season's bestsellers, for their off-duty hours. I do not condemn them, as readers of this column will know — indeed, such delightful literary confectionery forms much of my own reading, particularly when I ought to be working — but there remain many more dedicated, or more vain, book buyers who would like to return from time-off with evidence of having done more than spend the days, recumbent as pharoahs, being embalmed by the sun. We like to believe that we've gained a full grasp of some great (and preferably unfashionable) writer. It is a harmless pretension, which yet may valuably enrich the mix of conversation on Sunday at the pub, even helping to extend the parochial range of reference now found in quality papers. The random democracy of reading confers a freedom of choice not encouraged by the dictatorship of telly-viewing.

I found it hard at first to adjust to Hardy. I started several, then gave up, fearing that what appeared to the author as stoic fortitude and radical argument would come across today as sentimental obstinacy and melodramatic rhetoric. But then I bit into *Jude the Obscure,* the story of a country boy's obsession with Oxford, and was hooked. Why had I spent so long only pretending to have read it? It's as full of twists and shocks as any formula bestseller. I was quite unprepared for the scene, almost at the end, when I felt the worst must have already happened, where Jude and pregnant Sue discover that the strange, joyless son of his previous marriage has murdered their other children and strung himself up with them like game birds on a line. A more welcome surprise was to discover that it is Sue, not Jude, who is the truly original and winning character, and not just for 1896: a premature 1980s feminist, wilful, daring, agnostic, radical, so committed to the ideal of sexual equality that she cannot accept the reality of sexual intercourse.

Pritchett's title comes from his autobiography — 'For myself that is what a writer is, a man living on the other side of a frontier' — and should warn us that under what sometimes seems a Mr Polly-ish exterior there lurks an observant nomad equally at home in all the extremes of Graham-Greeneland. The collection gives only moderate helpings of the marvellous short stories, not enough from the engaging autobiography and nothing at all from his five novels, only two of which, it is depressing to learn, are still in print. It makes a jolly companionable compendium for a holiday, with just enough bitter and bite to prevent the mixture being too bland, though the criticism, which occupies half the pages, sometimes seems a little over-egged and highly-spiced to travel as well as it might.

With **George Steiner: A Reader** (Pelican, £4.95) we have the rigorous and incorruptible highbrow who makes no concessions in style or matter for our laziness or cowardice. Wherever he ranges, from Tolstoy and Homer to Racine and Schoenberg, from the philosophy of literature to the psychology of language, he never forgets that writers and readers are sharing experiences that have their roots in flesh-and-blood reality. The Nazi death camps are understandably one of his obsessions and he takes some trouble to educate those who still demand: Why did the Jews go like lambs to the slaughter? But any non-Jewish spirits raised by the evidence of revolts by the inmates are dashed by the observation, 'Of the 600 who succeeded in escaping from Treblinka to the forests, only forty survived, the majority being killed by the Poles.' Nor can the Anglo-Saxons claim exemption. The failure of the RAF and USAF to bomb the communications with the camps Steiner describes as 'an ugly riddle', pointing out that 'even *one day* of interruption in the gas-ovens would have meant the life of 10,000 human beings'.

Today, it is still astonishing to read in **The Penguin Complete Short Stories of Franz Kafka** (£3.95) how he amazingly foretold, even before the First World War, the horrors that the 20th century had yet to unveil. It is commonplace to observe that a story like 'In the Penal Colony' already creates the atmosphere of the extermination camps. Reading it today, we see that it is even more prescient about humanity's passive acceptance of the machinery of total nuclear elimination. Kafka took his imagery from his own unconscious. Has there ever been set on paper a more frightening fantasy than that which Ronald Hayman quotes in **Kafka: A Biography** (Abacus, £3.25): 'I'm lying outstretched on the floor, sliced like roast meat, and with my hand I am slowly pushing a slice towards a dog in the corner'? But Hayman makes clear that Kafka also existed in an external world of rabid and organised anti-Semitism, only exceeded by that of the Nazis, which even now remains unimaginable to most Anglo-Saxons. □

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POLITICAL HISTORY
Alun Howkins

From the ashes

The Experience of Defeat: Milton and Some Contemporaries
CHRISTOPHER HILL
Faber £12.50

In 1973, Christopher Hill published *The World Turned Upside Down,* a celebration of the previously called 'extremist minority' of the English Revolution. It was a book well fitted to its time. Although the heady days of '68 were past, Hill's picture of Coppe, Clarkson and, above all, Winstanley the Digger, struck a resonant cord in a generation of young historians and, more generally, the political Left. Brownlow's film *Winstanley*, Keith Dewhurst's play *The World Turned Upside Down* and the songs of Leon Rosselson about Coppe and the Diggers are all testimony to the perceived centrality of Hill's book to the libertarian Left of the late 1960s, early 1970s.

A great part of that centrality lay in Hill's approach. Like most of the best historians of his generation he had passed through the fire of the cold war and Hungary — alternatively ignored and derided — and emerged with an almost heroic stature on the Left. His writing, always clear, committed and exciting, added to this. Nobody with a soul who read his books, then or now, could fail to see where Hill stood and, through Hill, join Winstanley on George's Hill, or Coppe and Clarkson railing against the 'rich and nobles' whose gold and silver would decay and canker.

In the *Experience of Defeat* we return to the 'heroes' of the earlier works in more sombre mood. Like the generation of the early 1970s perhaps, they were defeated. Some, like the regicides, went to the scaffold; many were disposessed and scattered, to remain 'in the wilderness' until John Wesley found their descendants as 'communities of Godly people' 80 years later.

Many probably accepted it. As Hill himself says, 'Those for whom the Cause had once seemed to offer help to simple people against the rich and powerful no doubt relapsed into sullenly passive hostility to the restored government.' Like the Muggletonians and the Quakers, they learned under persecution that keeping your head down was the best way of avoiding trouble even if it meant ultimately compromising the very principles on which your faith was built.

To most, though, whatever their resolution of the problem, defeat was a terrible and traumatic experience. Milton's Samson, like Milton himself a presence throughout the book, sums it up: 'Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him / Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves, / Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.' 'Eyeless in Gaza', apparently deserted by their God, only a few found a positive solution.

Mary Evans Picture Library

Samson Agonistes: a Miltonian symbol of hope in the face of defeat

Hill argues for two 'main varieties'. First, the Miltonian with its 'blank assertion that good must win in the end' (as it does in *Samson Agonistes*); then, that of James Harrington and the Harringtonians, to whom the 'providences' of the 1640s were part of a great working out, by a kind of Whiggish God, of extremism. The new 'balance' came in 1660 and was ultimately justified by the bloodless revolution of 1688. As Hill writes, 'The Harringtonian's Cause has always been firmly rooted in the world as it actually existed . . . infinitely adaptable as history unrolled in surprising ways.' The establishment of mercantile capitalism, the domination of the City of London and the Protestant sea-borne Empire were the fruits of providence.

In the end, though, Hill stands — as he always has — with Milton. The sterile logic of Harringtonianism may have triumphed even in defeat but it is Milton's vision, re-emerging in Bunyan, in the 18th-century Commonwealthsmen, in Blake and in Shelley, which really survives for Hill and for many another. 'From *Comus* to *Samson Agonistes*,' Hill writes, 'Milton depicted characters capable of standing alone in discouraging circumstances against the power of evil' — and this seems to lie behind the powerful last two sentences of the book: 'In 1644 Milton saw England as "a nation of prophets". Where are they now?'

As a reviewer of a book on 17th-century history, I end, as I began, in the 20th century. The book challenges that comparison. I have missed out much of its content, which will provide controversy and criticism from specialist historians in the next few years; indeed, has already begun to. To the specialist historian, however, to the general reader and to all socialists, I recommend it most strongly.

It has inconsistencies of emphasis, great areas are probably missing from the account, but in the end it is a powerful and stimulating work.

In the last five years the 'experience of defeat' on the Left in this country has been bitter. Like many in 1660 we see the gains of 20 years vanishing before us. Christopher Hill shares that experience; indeed, many people commented that his book on Milton was his own 'testimony from the wilderness'. If it is so for him, as it seems for many, that there is no light at the end of the tunnel, I urge them to turn again to Milton, to the end of *Samson Agonistes*, and to see how Samson: '. . . Though blind of sight / Despised and thought extinguished quite, / With inward eyes illuminated / His fiery virtue roused / From under ashes into sudden flame.' □

HISTORY OF KNOWLEDGE
Stephen Brook

Asking questions

The Discoverers: A History of Man's Search to Know His World and Himself
DANIEL J. BOORSTIN *Dent* £15

Our quest for knowledge, for understanding, which began when primitive people first mouthed a question, is the single subject of these 700 pages. With the benefit of hindsight, we can see that most theories devised to explain the world, and even the universe, around us were wrong: the Ptolemaic system, which Dr Boorstin outlines with great clarity, dominated European astronomy, even in revisionist form, for 1,500 years; Columbus stumbled across America where he thought Asia should be.

In some fascinating chapters on calendars, which are no more and no less than our efforts to comprehend time and predict the course of the seasons, Boorstin points out that it was not until 1949 that the Chinese fell into line with the rest of the world by adopting the Gregorian calendar. The most familiar notions, such as 'an hour', are shown to be relatively recent formulations; the conception of an hour as one of 24 equal parts of the day was established only in the 1330s.

Dr Boorstin must, in the course of writing this history of human understanding, have had the occasional misgiving — even though *The Discoverers* is synoptic rather than a work of original research. If he did tremble at the audacity of the undertaking, it doesn't show. The tone of the book is unflappably magisterial. As he guides the reader through the four principal divisions of the book — Time; the Earth and the Seas; Nature; Society — Boorstin never wavers, never hesitates. Awed, this reader could do no more than lap the information gratefully from Dr Boorstin's hand. *The Discoverers* is a marvel of self-effacement; only once or twice do wit or a flashy turn of phrase

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bubble up to break the unruffled surface of Boorstin's limpid, explicatory prose. His strategy is correct, of course: this is a work of exposition, not opinion. It is the history of empirical inquiry.

The consequence of this is that certain areas of our knowledge and understanding are omitted. A work of art is, in part, an attempt to comprehend our experience; so too are sermons and political revolutions. Such matters are firmly excluded and, since Boorstin's survey is already both ambitious and lengthy, it is not hard to see why. Furthermore, Boorstin is not a man for speculation, and the areas of art and religion and politics are too remote from the world of fact with which he is concerned.

This does give *The Discoverers* an old-fashioned air, an almost Victorian depiction of knowledge progressing over the centuries, as error after error is exposed and rejected, allowing the light of truth and comprehension to blaze ever more splendidly. No reflections on the state of human folly that makes it likely that all this progress will culminate in the self-immolation of mankind are allowed to mar the narrative. The book ends with Rutherford's discovery of the atomic nucleus, not with the uses that other physicists made of such discoveries.

It is, inevitably, in the final sections of the book that Boorstin shows signs of flagging. Absorbing chapters on historiography, our attempts to understand our past, lead us to a few pages on Marx. Boorstin's treatment is biographical rather than analytical. Freud gets much the same kind of treatment in his three pages; we learn more about his rootedness in humanism than about his achievement as the founder of psychoanalysis. In an aside, Boorstin describes both Marx and Freud as pioneers 'on the borderlands of science' and this is no doubt the clue to his sprint through their lives. One does not need to be a Marxist or a Freudian to claim that these two men — Darwin, too, who doesn't fare much better — altered the way millions of people comprehend the world and their own place in it. Any doubts Boorstin may legitimately entertain about the correctness of their analyses should not have mattered in the context of his history, any more than do the errors of Ptolemy or Galen.

Still, giving one century — despite its medical advances, travels into space and astonishing discoveries in the fields of communications and microtechnology — short shrift in the course of surveying a few dozen is a relatively minor failing. The reader is abundantly rewarded by Boorstin's triumphant chronicling of our intellectual conquest of time and space and the world about us. It would have been easy to have proceeded lumpishly from Great Figure to Great Figure; instead, he presents a coherent narrative, explaining the wrong guesses and the near misses as well as the eventual breakthroughs. Although the book is Eurocentric, Boorstin gives a good deal of attention to Chinese and Islamic world views and suggests how those views limited the ability of those civilizations to make the same intellectual progress that Europe, eventually, came to make. If *The Discoverers* is inevitably a work of *haute vulgarisation*, it's none the worse for that. Given the scope of the book, it's astonishingly readable and presents its narrative with grace and the utmost clarity. □

BIOGRAPHY
Geoffrey Best

God and country

Martin Niemöller
JAMES BENTLEY *Oxford* £12.50

There is more to this book than meets the eye. What does meet it is the story of one of modern Christianity's more remarkable leaders; a story told fair and square, with few frills or asides, and with the aid of some quite unusual sources — including a special collection of books at Eton College and a series of interviews with the grand old man (who died earlier this year) himself.

But what stirs the mind behind the eye is a batch of awkward questions. What made Martin Niemöller tick? How much of the ticking has to be ascribed to his German-ness and to his form of Christianity, Lutheranism? Might not non-Germans and non-Lutherans be inhibited from fully understanding him? Finally, the disturbing thought that although Niemöller was the sort of man and public figure about whom half-truths were easily believed, the whole truth may bring a certain discomfort.

Niemöller certainly discomforted friends as well as enemies in the course of his long life. He was that sort of man. His life falls into three phases: first, the straight German nationalist phase, which beheld him a famous submariner in the First World War and so much of an aggrieved patriot and conservative after it that he served with a Freikorps, placed the ensign of his submarine on his desk alongside the crucifix at his son's domestic baptism and hoped for good things when Hitler came to power; second, beginning remarkably soon after the latter event, a growing, theologically-grounded opposition to the religious policy and principles of the new regime and an admirable resistance to the many temptations to compromise which kept seducing his church colleagues. (From early 1938 until the end of the war he was in Sachsenhausen and Dachau, admittedly not the worst parts of them, as 'Hitler's personal prisoner'.) Phase three began in later 1945, when he and his wife re-visited Dachau and saw 'what he had never seen before, the crematorium of the camp' (near which had been affixed a board with the legend: 'Here, in the years 1933 to 1945, 238,756 persons were incinerated') and the penny dropped at last.

The grounds for fighting Nazism had been weightier than he had hitherto realised. Mental turnabouts now began which took him to positions which would have seemed crazy or wicked to him 20 years before. The former Freikorps fighter became a friend of Jews and (at any rate, to the extent demanded by the post-1948 Peace Campaign and the cause of German reunification) communists. The Christian who had once infuriated Hitler now infuriated Adenauer. The former U-Boat hero became a pacifist and an Aldermaston marcher.

> 'I personally can imagine no situation', he told the World Council of Churches' executive, 'in which to the question, "Lord, what do you wish me to do", I received from God the answer, "Drop an atomic bomb!"'

Now this is an extraordinary story of a long lifetime's succession of increasingly radical responses to new information and changed circumstances. The reader will wonder how it may be explained beyond simply attributing it (as Niemöller himself would presumably have done) to the hand of God guiding a prayerful and faithful servant. Dr Bentley, himself an Anglican priest and scholar, well known as an expert on, *inter alia*, Christian-Marxist dialogue, on the whole lets the evidence speak for itself. His own feelings hardly obtrude, not even in his charming last chapter, 'Portrait of a Human Being'. Nor does he provide more than a top dressing of historical material. The attentive reader wishing to go beyond the life story is given a good start towards its explanation and evaluation — and left to reflect upon it as he or she will.

Upon a life story so close-knit, in its later stages, with so many of the major movements, not to say disasters, of our times, much indeed may be reflected. Two reflections in particular have moved me. One is to do with German national responsibility for and complicity in the crimes of Nazism. With good enough logic did we discredit adult Germans' protestations after the war that they had not known about the concentration camps and 'the final solution' until the victorious allies rubbed their noses in the proofs — so many could surely not have been so ignorant of so much. But here is Martin Niemöller telling us that until 1945 *he* had not known, and I have to believe him. (He is that sort of man.)

How can his blindness be explained? For it

Raymond Tong

Badger

Old Brock, Bill Badger,
friend of my childhood days,
lost in the turmoil of growing up,
becoming at last no more
than the bristles on a shaving-brush.

Having lately like you
emerged from a tunnel of long striving
into the freedom of a brief twilight,
we meet again in a troubled wood
on a Somerset hillside.

Separated by centuries of fear
our encounter is quickly over.
Sensing my ominous presence
you retreat through the undergrowth
towards the safety of your sett.

Only such a brief glimpse.
Now that I have studied you
and appreciate your virtues
it would have been a great honour
if you had stayed a little longer.

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was blindness: the means of information were available, if only his eyes had been open. Without going into awkward questions about the possible effects upon the mind of too much simple dogmatic faith, I am led to explain that blindness as an effect of his inherited nationalism. The nationalism that led him — *even him* — to volunteer for military service in September 1939, when he had been under fear of the Führer's wrath for 18 months, must be presumed capable of blinding him to the darker potentialities of his nationalist Germanic inheritance. Unable to imagine, disinclined to believe, he did not (I surmise) trouble to enquire. Such is the power of ideology; it does not make me like ideology the more.

My other reflection is relative to CND. Niemöller's early conviction about the evil and awfulness of atomic armouries was exemplary. It is not uncommon now for religious people to conclude that they must make their minds up about The Bomb and to get politically active about it. It was uncommon, very much so, at the turn of the 1950s. Yet that was when definite judgment and action still stood a chance of achieving something; a yearly shrinking chance, admittedly, but at any rate a better one than faces us 30 years or so later. While so many of us slept (or did we allow ourselves to be put to sleep?) a few alert and irrepressible spirits were wide awake. Historians of the disarmament and arms control movements will honour Martin Niemöller for having been one of the chiefs among them. □

NEW YORK THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Hollow cheek

IT HAD ITS MOMENTS, that prolonged rite of tribal self-congratulation which calls itself the Tony Awards. There was the sight of Dorothy Loudon in white fur, outrageously mugging from the top of a motor-car inexplicably being hauled across the Gershwin Theatre stage by huntsmen dressed in red. There was the sound, unmistakable when you heard it, of the audience blenching when Harvey Fierstein, librettist of *La Cage aux Folles*, struck a nationally-televised blow for sexual heterodoxy by thanking 'my lover, Scott, who typed everything late at night'.

There were the flutterings and gaspings and incredulous burblings of Lila Kedrova, so distracted by her supporting triumph in the musical *Zorba* that she proceeded inarticulately to acknowledge everyone even remotely connected with the New York theatre, ending with 'God, because he is my producer'. At that point the audience got the giggles, not out of unkindness, but because a giant red contraption on the balcony was balefully flashing her the news that she'd exceeded her allotted limit two, three, four times over.

It all ended with Julie Andrews informing the world that 'the lights of Broadway are shining brighter than ever' and the winners and presenters of the prizes collectively singing a hit number from *La Cage*. There was the artist Al Hirschfeld unhappily bopping beside Carol Channing, who, in a purple, green-feathered hat, looked more like one of Hirschfeld's cartoons than one of Hirschfeld's cartoons; and the two of them were agreeing that 'the best of times is now, is now, is now'. Down in the stalls, I had difficulty preventing myself from leaping up and brandishing the latest theatrical statistics at the crazed revellers. Didn't they know that at that very moment 17 of the 38 Broadway theatres were dark and that many of them had spent all or most of the preceding year as funereally? Didn't they read their own bible, *Variety*?

According to that paper, a decline that began in 1981-'82 has continued pretty precipitately. There were 36 new productions in the 1983-'84 season, compared with 67 three years before, and more than 20 of those were commercial flops. Eleven other shows managed to collapse just before their New York openings. A total of 7.9 million rumps sat on Broadway seats, nearly three million less than in 1980-'81. Of the tiny handful of new American plays staged during the season, only one managed to run more than a tiny handful of performances: David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*, which could only fancifully be called new, since it came to New York from London via Chicago.

Still, not everything on Broadway this last season has been a disaster. Michael Frayn's *Noises Off* continues to flourish, as does Tom Stoppard's *Real Thing*, even though it's now been abandoned by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. So does *La Cage* and, more perplexingly, *Sunday in the Park with George*, Stephen Sondheim's ravelled attempt to spin a full-length evening out of the painter Seurat, who spent his brief life scarcely ever speaking, doing practically nothing but work and generally making himself as boring a subject as the musical theatre can ever have treated.

Moreover, one or two of the disasters were not altogether disasters. Arthur Kopit's *End of the World* was received with some discourtesy by the New York reviewers and succumbed after a week or two of extreme sickness at the box office; yet it did more than any play I've seen for years to make the droll and terrifying intricacies of the nuclear game comprehensible, interesting, even entertaining. Only its rather awkward use of a dramatic device more successfully exploited by David Hare in *Knuckle* — a parody Philip Marlowe, sleuthing out social and political evil — can prevent it enjoying a far warmer critical and public reception when it comes to Britain, as it surely must. Glumly insular our theatre may in some ways be: at least it isn't exclusively preoccupied with personal relationships, like so much of the American drama and its public.

Of course, the New York theatre isn't entirely Broadway; there's Off-Broadway, too. And, doomed though it mostly is to depend on the whim of private philanthropists, it does occasionally piece together a production of interest. Indeed, it has come up with two or three in the last couple of months, making all that Tony hoopla seem somewhat parochial. If only one of those is a new American play — and if both that and the most arresting revival germinated in what everyone currently agrees to be the theatrically more healthy air of Chicago — well, half-starving critics should surely welcome the food, not quibble about the precise site of the kitchen.

The new play is *Hurlyburly* by David Rabe, best remembered both in this and his own country for his grim anthropological investigations of the American army and the American family during the Vietnam era. His reputation has slumped with the lengthening peace, but now looks as if it's on an upturn, thanks to the energy of what is, as it turns out, a dramatic foray into a jungle swamp as thick, steamy and unpleasing as any in South-East Asia. This is sleazy-smart Hollywood: a Hollywood of bit-part actors, part-time casting directors, vague wheelers and desultory dealers and other such impermanent hangers-on; a Hollywood, it emerges, of the drunk, the stoned, the mad, the dangerous and, most graphically, the murderously misogynistic; a Hollywood of hucksters who talk as if their bedtime reading was psychological manuals and sociological surveys ('this guy is utterly without redeeming social value') and act as if their skins and souls have been marinated in movie-lab chemical, then baked to a leathery hardness.

An unusually high-powered company — led by William Hurt and Christopher Walken, orchestrated by Mike Nichols — can't altogether disguise the intermittent longueurs and dramatic awkwardnesses, or the piece's severe, sometimes sermonising tone. Nevertheless, they leave you with a feeling rarely communicated by American drama these days: that faults and fissures of character aren't isolated personal phenemena, but, at least in part, are caused by the big, bad world beyond.

The pick of the other recent productions looked as if it might be *Henry V* in Central Park; but Wilford Leach's direction was too uneven and Kevin Kline's king too often a canting moralist. That left the following: a fine *Endgame*, with Alvin Epstein and Peter Evans bringing a feisty and robust humour to Beckett's sombre but not-unfunny musings about death; Victor Rozov's *Nest of the Woodgrouse*, a scathing Soviet satire about the spoiled Soviet elite, well worth discovery here, too; and the revival of a lively early play by Lanford Wilson, *Balm in Gilead*.

This brought the much admired Steppenwolf Theatre of Chicago to town, though its squad was reinforced by members of New York's Circle Rep, as it had to be, since the script demands 29 performers, an unheard-of number these threadbare days. Together, they successfully gave us the taste, smell and touch of Wilson's setting and subject, a Manhattan coffee-shop populated by drifters, hookers, hustlers, dope peddlars, dope addicts and other such local colour. Together, they successfully made Broadway, or, at least, the Broadway of the Tonies, look the irrelevant place it mostly is. □

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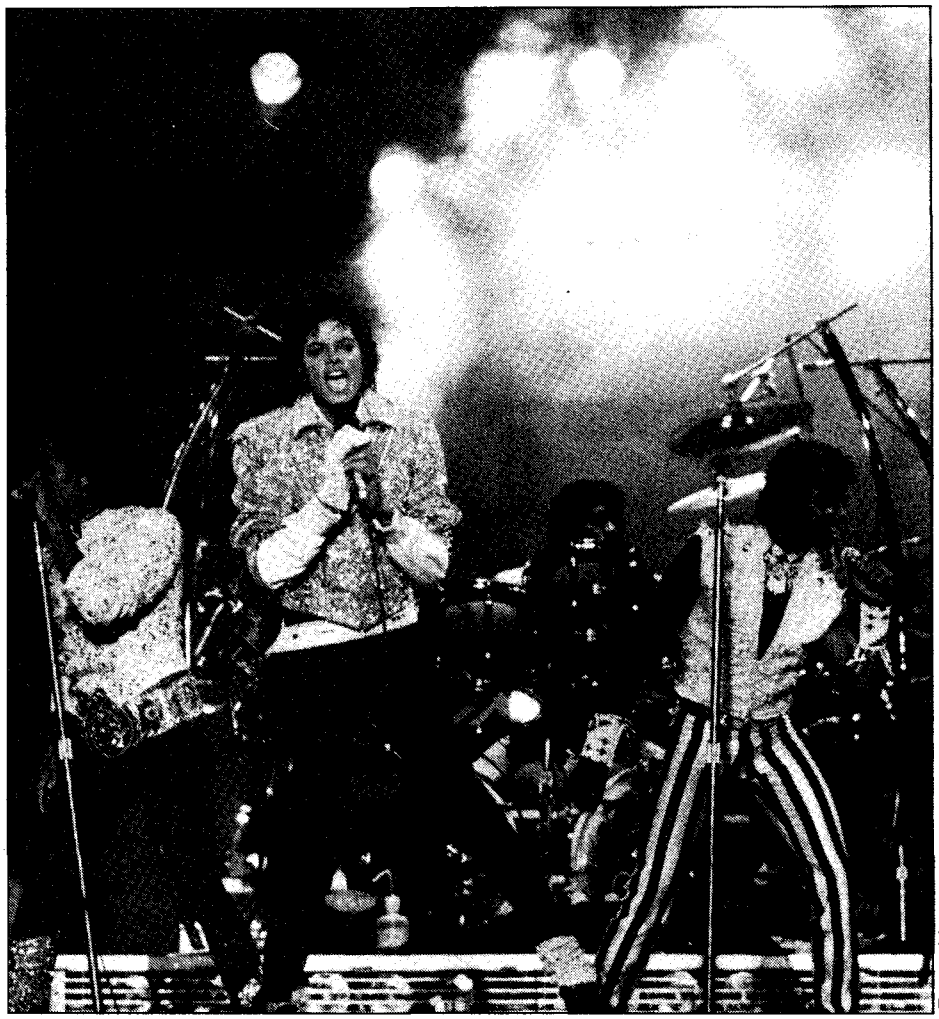
ROCK
Barney Hoskyns

Out of his life



Eugene Adebari

Narcissism and spectacle on the Jackson brothers' American tour

BY NOW, OF COURSE, you've been told more than you could possibly want to know about Michael Jackson. Such has been the media saturation of the huge American tour undertaken by Michael and his brothers this summer that the only thing that will henceforth make them interesting is total and irreversible decline.

Above all, what you've been told about this strange, almost deified youth is that *we know nothing*. We don't know what he feels, we don't know what he thinks. Nor does he, apparently. In Gerri Hershey's superb new history of soul music, *Nowhere To Run* (Times Books, $17.95), Michael is searching for a '60s film of James Brown that he thinks will help him to 'understand what I do'.

Now, while I can't deny that I'm as much a Jackson junkie as the next hack, the feverish need to *explain* Michael — somehow to bind up the contradictions of his life — strikes me as faintly unhealthy. Surely the whole enigma of Michael has been created by the pressure of the fame that *we* have built up around him. We were already asking him what he was before he had the chance to be anything. Consequently, he runs in terror, not just from the press, but from anyone whose personality isn't as much a by-product of show business as his own.

Joan Didion called Howard Hughes 'the last private person'. She didn't allow for an entertainer so famous that he hardly exists for himself. Fame cocoons Michael to the point where his own existence is no longer a real, tangible process, and the tension of his best songs is that he is having to confront the reality of his own fame, his own *un*reality. When he sings about the 'vegetable' in 'Wanna Be Startin' Something', he is describing himself as the sacrificial object we are trying to devour. Recluses like Brian Wilson turned to drugs when they couldn't handle the fame. Michael chose abstinence from reality.

The concert I saw at the Giants football stadium in New Jersey a couple of weeks ago revealed little to me that I hadn't already felt. Once I'd got past the sense of the event as simply a 400-ton Mass American Fantasy, run by blacks for white suburbia, as grossly hyped and materialistic as a war, I was at last a few hundred yards from the thing that is Michael — and that was . . . well, I'm not a teenybopper anymore. (I'm nearly as old as him, actually.)

Forty-four thousand people and a couple of helicopters watched as the five narcissistic knights of the San Fernando Valley descended to the churning, stuttering pulse of 'Wanna Be Startin''; as emerald-green laser beams were diffracted into the sky; as magnesium explosions were triggered between songs; as the famous white socks tapped and twirled on a giant holograph screen; and as Michael lay on his back in self-consuming grief for 'She's Out Of My Life'. Every set piece, every bumbling monster and every evil, purple-eyed triffid seemed to be part of the Never-Never Land of his mind.

The synchronisation of effects and the brothers' dance moves was enthralling but the fact that not a single song was taken from the Jacksons' awful *Victory* album was further proof that the show revolved around one thing alone: the spectacle of Michael Jackson, in flawless voice and total command, 'getting out of himself'.

I saw that this figure lost in song and dance was in the right place, and it was all I needed to know. □

TELEVISION
Mary Harron

Losers

ZOLA BUDD certainly provided us with the most memorable moment of the **Olympics**, which was the close-up of Mary Decker as she was helped out of the stadium, screaming with rage and pain. We had had buckets full of emotion throughout the Games, but it was all sanctified: either the winners on the podium smiling radiantly to the strains of their national anthem or the defeated brushing back a few noble tears. Mary's reaction was not in the script. This was real fury; she was being a 'bad loser'. For a few seconds the Olympics stopped looking like a Hollywood movie.

The Decker-Budd collision was messy, unexpected and slightly grotesque — all the hallmarks of real life. Watching it as it happened, at three in the morning, was to experience the real power of what live television can do. No one knew how to react, the commentators were thrown into confusion and even from 5,000 miles away you became a participant in the chaos of an actual event.

Until then the BBC had preserved a 'balanced' — i.e. tenderly sympathetic — attitude to young Zola. 'They call her "the little bird" you know,' cooed one commentator as Zola took her place on the starting line. When Decker was knocked off the track and the whole stadium rose to its feet, booing, Coleman and Co. were thrown into disarray. They first tried moral outrage — the Americans were showing bad form — and then backtracked when they watched the scene replayed in slow motion and decided that, oh dear, perhaps she had made a mistake: 'Of course Zola Budd is very young and inexperienced . . .'

The emotion of the moment naturally went to the fallen champion, in her last Olympic race. Because the real drama in these games is that the competitors only have *one* chance: one slip and

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four years' training is wasted. It's that risk that makes them so compulsive, that explains why you end up bleary-eyed at 2am watching the semi-finals of the kayak competition.

However, because of the way in which that drama has been shamefully manipulated throughout the Olympics, it was impossible to have a pure reaction to the Decker incident. It wasn't just two runners, but two symbols of propaganda that collided. For a few gleeful moments it looked like the *Daily Mail*'s publicity stunt would be trampled under the vengeful fury of American chauvinism: one wrong defeating another. By the next day it seemed that the reverse had happened. The Americans over-reacted, Zola has been rehabilitated and the *Daily Mail*, the true villains here, will take their story ('My Moments of Nightmare' by Zola Budd) and run and run.

In contrast, the BBC's embarrassment over Daley Thompson was a straightforward pleasure, when, instead of being grateful, he turned out to be crass and jolly and impertinent. He should get full marks for complaining about the American TV coverage. No one need worry that Britain's reputation has been tarnished. I rang up a friend in New York to find out what the American reaction to Daley Thompson's T-shirt had been. 'Daley *who?*' they replied blankly. So much for Britain's heroes.

Janis, Channel Four's tribute to Janis Joplin, could have served as an obituary, but was a pitiful excuse for a documentary twelve years after her death. Made up of concert footage and banal interview clips, it presented, without question, the 'sixties verdict that Janis Joplin was a great blues singer — which she patently was not.

Janis was a homely, over-sensitive girl who suffered the worst fate that can happen to a white middle-class teenager in America: being an outcast in high school. The best sequence in this documentary showed Janis coming back to Texas for her high school reunion. She returned as a star, but if she was looking for revenge she didn't find it. Her old classmates still looked at her like she was a freak, and the old memories were so raw that she broke down in the press conference, half laughing and crying, when she remembered how no one had invited her to the high school prom.

Becoming a star — with frizzy hair, acne scars and all — was Joplin's greatest achievement, because she really did break the mould of female glamour. She was still pathetically anxious to be popular and, in the end, exchanged one repressive social code for another. She bought the 'sixties mythology wholesale and, as the concert footage showed, wrecked the talent she did have with a screaming parody of the blues singers she admired. She even died of a heroin overdose, just like Billy Holiday.

The interviews showed her — vulnerable and somehow unconvincing — telling us about being groovy, about getting loose, about how performing was just like sex for her. She was successful because she seemed ballsy, sexually available and profoundly miserable: someone that could be worshipped and kicked around. This is a classic 'sixties rock-and-roll story and there is real pathos in it, but it is social history and has to be treated that way. Sadly, much of her music, which Channel Four displayed so reverently, sounds awful today. □

DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

New directions

Sue Maclennan
Riverside
Direct Current Dance Co.
Riverside

There are signs that more British independents are speeding up, not just the Michael Clark Dance Company. Sue Maclennan's current performance with composer/musicians Ian Mitchell and Stephen Montague has proved the point very differently and very nicely. In an enterprise promoted by Intermedia, a recently established mixed-media organisation, we discover Maclennan transformed on stage, her contribution as both performer and choreographer a great advance on her previous work. There is a new no-nonsense vigour to her stage persona, a depth of personality and a new rigour in her choreography.

The first half of the programme introduced the participants separately but all in stage-lit performance. Clarinettist Mitchell performed Stockhausen's 1975 theatre piece *The Little Harlequin.* More clown than Harlequin, he nevertheless successfully drew wit and endearment from the notated passage work and foot rhythms. All three played amid dramatic lighting in Montague's *The Eyes of Ambush,* a piece for wind, percussion and tape. Maclennan's *Uneven Time* (1979) is based on a repeated irregular rhythm which Maclennan shifts from feet to arms, back to feet. But the contrivance quickly gives way to less interesting patterns, involving grimacing and hamming.

The integration of dance, improvisation and score followed the interval. *Gravity Is Proving Most Difficult* is the collaboration of all three artists, Maclennan's rhythmic concerns returning but in a far more finely developed way. Here she works both rhythmically and qualitatively with material of great potential, proceeding to examine it thoroughly and imaginatively. Mitchell alternates clarinet and bass clarinet on stage, his lively performance fed to a delay tape and mixed with great sensitivity by Montague with electronic music, stimulating and stimulated by the different qualities of the dance.

Those qualities are diverse. Maclennan's particular power is in her arms and hands: a little finger urging one foot across into a 5th position or caressing her forehead, arms showing sustained muscular power or flashing fleeting gestures across the horizon. Out of the dance, surprises emerge, such as the 'God, I'm stupid!' mime as she leans backwards slapping her forehead, later integrated into the dance, literal reference no longer apparent. Movement tells the whole story. This is a most sensitive precise performance, elevating Maclennan's rank as artist.

Michael Popper's **Direct Current Dance Co.**, following Maclennan at Riverside, is also a new venture and an ambitious one, considering that Popper, who choreographed the entire programme, hasn't had much experience either as a choreographer or as a director. Three of the pieces betray a developed musical taste in using scores by Bach, Villa-Lobos and Nigel Osborne. A resurrection ode by George Herbert is inspiration for Popper's own solo *Easter Wings.*

Choreographically, the work remains an internalised experience. There is a multitude of steps and floating arm movements, but it functions in short breaths. Ultimately, nothing develops, as everything remains as visible or invisible as everything else. Popper's tempos are very even; the motor rhythms of Bach's Inventions are visualised in a trio but their imaginative content is unilluminated. Unisons are approximate, whether intentionally or through lack of proper rehearsal. An attractive, light, long limbed dancer, Popper seems to have casually transferred the movement that suits him best to three dancers whom it doesn't.

Popper's commitment is undoubted, judging by the performance persona and musical trappings, but it does not emerge in his choreography or interpretation. *Remembering Esenin,* set to Osborne's bleak cello and piano work before Francesca Boyd's picture of a black river fork in an icy landscape, was Popper's second solo and ended the programme. It hinted at a drama and muscularity that would have been welcome earlier. □

CLASSICAL MUSIC
Andrew Clements

Sound and vision

Nicholas Sackman
ICA
Morton Feldman
Reform Club

This column has regularly praised the enterprise and vitality of MusICA, the ICA's summer series of contemporary-music events devised by Adrian Jack. A year ago it was in financial trouble and would have disappeared altogether had not a substantial sponsor came forward: Diners Club International.

Given relative economic security Jack has been able to extend the scope of his programme: it will end in September with two theatrical presentations, of Kagel's *Kantrimusik* and Rzewski's *Antigone,* to top the more characteristic mix of new and neglected music around the fringes of the conventional repertory. But the core of MusICA remains its single-composer concerts, compact surveys that provide such valuable opportunities for re-evaluation. Thus the concert devoted to the music of **Nicholas Sackman** two Sundays ago; four works covering just over a decade.

Sackman was born in 1950 and studied at Nottingham University and then with

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Alexander Goehr in Leeds. Though his output so far has been relatively small, Sackman has already received a number of prestigious commissions. Other performances of his music have been scarce, however. Possibly because his work seems to be unspectacularly well made and sturdily individual he has lacked the easy glamour of many of his contemporaries.

As the MusICA programme demonstrated, Sackman's music has a very positive character and is consistently and often urgently eloquent. Perhaps his studies with Goehr have left their mark on his congently shaped ideas and the economy of his instrumentation. Sackman appears to have followed his teacher into relative conservatism in his recent works: the earliest piece in this concert, 'Ensembles and Cadenzas' of 1972, revised a decade later, uses a proportional notation and a far more astringent language than the three pieces from the 1980s which accompanied it. The effect of 'Ensembles' also seemed more diffuse than the later music; its relative prodigality in sharp contrast to the spare, beautifully judged setting of a poem by Bill MacCormick, 'And the World — A Wonder Waking' (1981) for mezzo-soprano, instruments and effective tape delay.

Both 'Holism' for viola and cello (1982) and the 'Piano Sonata' (1984), receiving their first performances at the ICA, operate in a more direct and rebarbative way. The first is a virtuoso piece of synchronisation and technical difficulty, essentially linear and contrapuntal in its construction, while the sonata is a formidable construction of Bartokian angularity, enclosing a slow movement of poised, sweet lyricism.

One of MusICA's most significant coups this year has been to secure the first British appearances by the Kronos Quartet, a group based in San Francisco and specialising in contemporary music. Their first recital, last Saturday, in the splendid Reform Club, brought works by Terry Riley, Pauline Oliveros, Conlon Nancarrow and John Cage's 'Thirty Pieces' for string quartet, while the second, the following day, consisted of the British premiere of **Morton Feldman**'s second string quartet.

Though Feldman's music of the 1960s and early '70s was quite frequently heard here, his more recent work is relatively unknown. While the fastidious sound world of the earlier music has remained intact, Feldman's means seem to have become ever simpler, the scale of his compositions correspondingly more massive.

He describes the second string quartet as an 'assemblage' rather than a composition, denying conventional assumptions of continuity and making instead a sequence of unrelated musical units, each entirely self-contained. The effect of these small blocks, each built from a single gesture, chord or specific instrumental effect and relying heavily on repetition, is undeniably hypnotic. But, in Feldman's second quartet, it continues for four hours and I must confess to being thoroughly stupefied by the end. But certainly it was a musical event, and one which only MusICA would have the nerve to put on. □

FILMS
Francis Wheen

Play it again

Broadway Danny Rose (PG)
Classics, Haymarket & Oxford St; Screen on the Green; Gate, Bloomsbury; Odeon, Kensington
Romancing The Stone (PG)
Odeon, Leicester Square
Blame It On Rio (15)
ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue

A few years ago, Ringo Starr and some of his friends took to wearing badges with the slogan 'Back to Mono'. Woody Allen seems to be in charge of a similar campaign for the cinema: as a follow-up to *Zelig* he has given us another comedy filmed in monochrome.

Only last week I reviewed Luc Besson's *The Last Battle*, which was shot in black and white; so was Sally Potter's *Gold Diggers* earlier this year. I like the trend, and I'd be happy to see it adopted by films which are not classified as *avant garde* (Besson, Potter) or quirky (Allen). No one is surprised if, say, Don McCullin

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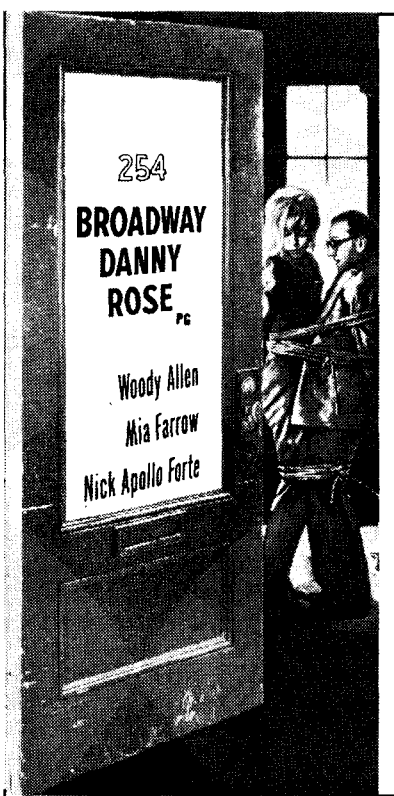

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issues a book of black-and-white photographs; but cinema these days is judged by the standards of the small screen and any television producer who made a programme in monochrome would not, I think, be short-listed for the director-generalship.

But I digress. Like *Zelig*, **Broadway Danny Rose** deals with the career of a 'living legend', told through flashbacks and the reminiscences of friends. Woody Allen again exploits the trick of using famous people to play themselves. You may remember Marshall McLuhan popping up in a cinema queue in *Annie Hall* to settle an argument; Susan Sontag, Bruno Bettelheim and others had their moments in *Zelig*; in *Broadway Danny Rose* there are parts for Howard Cosell, Milton Berle and a gang of genuine comics who sit in a restaurant recalling the old days.

The subject of their chat is Danny Rose (Woody Allen), a theatrical agent who represents such exciting acts as a one-legged tap dancer, a woman who plays music on wine glasses and 'Eddie Clarke's penguin', which skates on stage dressed as a rabbi (you can tell this is a Woody Allen movie from that alone). Auditioning a couple who fold balloons into the shapes of animals, Danny Rose says encouragingly that 'I think you're gonna become one of the great balloon-folding acts of all time'.

Danny's hottest property, however, is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a singer who looks as if he's had too many second helpings of pasta, but who is enjoying a comeback with his 'nostalgic' Italian melodies. Lou's problem is his extra-marital passion for Tina Vitale (Mia Farrow in sunglasses), whose family is in . . . er . . . the cement business. (a.k.a. *cosa nostra*). Tina's other lover, a mobster called Johnny Rispoli, is none too pleased when he learns that he isn't the only vegetable in her minestrone. Poor Danny is mistakenly fingered as the culprit and he and Tina have to make a hasty getaway from a café when Johnny's brothers arrive armed with baseball bats.

The bat-wielding bros catch up with them in Manhattan and leave them tied on a table in the missionary position. Fortunately, Danny remembers the secrets of an escapologist he once represented and the couple dash to the Waldorf in time for Lou's show, which is a triumph. The corpulent crooner leaves his wife for Tina, but it doesn't work. As any fool could have predicted, in the closing minutes Mia Farrow and Woody Allen are romantically united.

It's all good clean fun, but am I the only person who is beginning to find Woody Allen's New York-Jewish humour just a touch repetitive? Many of the gags in *Broadway Danny Rose* certainly left me with a strong sense of *déjà entendu*: his mockery of pompous language ('Might I just interject one concept at this juncture?' he asks more than once), his *gauche* neuroticism and his unceasing jokes about relations and rabbis. Danny Rose doesn't have an analyst but in most other respects he is the same Woody Allen character that we know so well from previous films; rather too well, in my view.

I had another attack of *déjà vu* on watching **Romancing The Stone**, whose producer and co-star is Michael Douglas. Snakes, crocodiles, swarthy foreigners, a hero and heroine trailing through unfriendly jungle in search of hidden treasure — the production notes claim that Michael Douglas is harking back to the Golden Age of Hollywood, but hasn't he heard of Indiana Jones? His director certainly must have, since he is Spielberg's *protégé* Robert Zemeckis (of *Used Cars* fame). The film might be retitled *Indy Goes to Colombia*, for it is there that the Michael Douglas character, a mysterious American expat, encounters Joan Wilder (admirable Kathleen Turner), a romantic novelist from New York who's flown south to rescue her kidnapped sister; but it's none the worse for that. The best moment is when a murderous-looking native, pointing a gun at our heroine, discovers that she is *the* Joan Wilder, whose novels he reads to the villagers every Saturday. A derivative but enjoyable romp.

Romancing The Stone is billed as a 'romantic adventure comedy', which just about covers everything. **Blame It On Rio** is described as a 'sexy romantic comedy', but turns out to be the kind of film that might have been made 20 years ago with Peter Sellers or Sophia Loren in the cast. A dud script and an exotic location are the order of the day; the plot is too tedious to mention and the performances (including Michael Caine's as a cradle-snatcher) are wooden. The whole movie looks like an extended commercial for holidays in Rio de Janeiro — parrots, carnivals, topless bathers and dusky guitar-strummers on balmy moonlit beaches. I half expected to see Ronnie Biggs in there somewhere. □

John Coleman will be back next week.
The Theatre column will also be back, in the issue of 31 August.

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2835 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

At the risk of upsetting Salamanca by crossing a demarcation line, compers are asked for crossword clues to the names of well known contemporary figures. Max. five clues (plus answers of course) no later than 31 August.

No 2832 **Set by A. Boteman**

Extracts from updated children's classics.

Report **By Babe Bio**

'*Your* an updated child,' they said, snigering in that norsiers way they have when they've just bean to lunsh. If they only *new* how they get on my tits. . . Anyway, yes, you've done quite nisely — ecsept for an eksess of A.A. Milne (don't you think he was a *little* bit obviers?) which finally got so far up my nose that I chuked the whole lot away. For those of you left who got printed, a tenner will be prised from Accounts. (But honessly, you'd think it was *skin* you were trying to peel from their hands — what hapened to non-materialism, mite I ask?)

The three children worked like beavers all morning.

'Gosh,' said Peter, 'my hands have got blisters from digging. I hope it won't effect my. . .'

'Stop talking and dig,' called Bobby. 'The 10.15 is due any moment.'

At last the embankment began to give way and they stood back and gave a cheer as tons of earth slid towards the track. Then they ran as fast as they could to the point where they waved to the passing trains. The driver tipped his cap when he saw them and applied slight pressure to the brakes.

'It's all right!' shouted the children. 'All clear! Carry on!'

EDNA SHOULDERS

'Oh yeth! I can do my thnowflake danthe!'

'No you jolly well can't. What we're making is a proper video narsty, with cannibalism and things. We've got this real camera that Robert's lent us,' said William, adding, 'sort of', in the interests of strict accuracy.

'Why have a girl in it at all?' asked Douglas gloomily.

'You've gotter have a girl, or it won't be pornographic. It's gotter be pornographic.'

'All right,' beamed Violet Elizabeth. 'I'll make it be pornographic if you want, but then I'll do my thnowflake danthe. And if you don't let me. . .'

Pausing, she eyed the assembled Outlaws.

'I'll thcream and thcream until I'm thick!'

'That,' said William thoughtfully, 'sounds the sort of scene we want. . .'

GEORGE SIMMERS

Whizz for sollvents

It take but 3 minutes to obtane xciting new hem-hem dremes, e.g. GLU. Any fule kno wot to do. Arange a spot of extra tew with Sigismund the Mad Maths Master, whereapon you sa britely 'sirsir i hav here plans also bluprint of balsa plane, xspeshully desined to prove yore trig. theorem sir have you I tube of FIXIT sir for inishal xperimental modle sir?'

After Sigismund hav colapsed at thort of molesworth the braney SKOLAR, he go cuogh cuogh ahem but of course dere boy, and hand over 73 tubes enuf said. Peason and i snif hevily orl week, and fotherington-tomas sa xtra hellos to sun sky ect. In fact, st.custards hav got hevily STUK into GLU (good joke eh wot? groan)

BILL GREENWELL

Black Beauty

. . .and so Ginger and I became the firmest of friends. The late sun would slant into the field through the orchard and we would crop the lush grass together in the peace of the evening. I was bored out of my skull. Then, one day, a stranger was brought to the neighbouring paddock and I had an idea.

'Ginger,' I whispered, 'how would you like to exchange all this for life on your own stud?'

'Leave it out,' said Ginger. 'You need capital for that lark.'

'Sure you do, and I think I can swing it.'

'Then lay it on me.'

'Have you noticed the new guy? The fitness freak? His name's Shergar and he's just given me one hell of a great idea. . .'

N. J. WARBURTON

'First we should make a bonfire,' declared Titty.

'What for?' asked Mate Susan.

'Why, to burn a sacrificial patriarchal male, silly,' Titty relied sharply.

'Do you think those male natives we saw windsurfing were patriarchal enough?' inquired Mate Susan. 'They certainly looked rather beastly. One of them had tattoos on his arm.'

'They'll do,' said Titty. 'My plan is jolly simple. We wait behind the bushes until they are all on the lake showing off. Then we confiscate all their clothes — they'll come running jolly quickly. I'll be waiting at the pit and as soon as they fall in we tie them up in the net. That will teach them to be so beastly macho!'

'Hurrah!' cried Mate Susan

'Hurrah!' yelled Titty.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

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FIRST PERSON

Alison Hennegan

Vice at bedtime

IT'S A GOOD many years since I felt comfortable about retiring for the night with fewer than four books tucked under my arm: one book each for Aspiration, Duty, Crime and The Real Thing. Under 'Aspiration' come things like *Theaetetus/Metamorphoses/La Chartreuse de Parme* — and, hastened by my inability to balance Liddell and Scott/Lewis and Short/Harrap's two volume French dictionary, assorted grammars and the cat on my knees, defeat comes pretty quickly.

'Duty' means socio-economic surveys of female communities in far flung places. My geography's poor, my interpretation of graphs fanciful in the extreme, my grasp of economic theory non-existent. That leaves the photographs, which I study with a grateful if short lived intensity.

Crime speaks (in an *English* accent and an English village, preferably no later than 1939) for itself.

And the Real Thing? The real thing is what I really read at bedtime as distinct from what I should like to think I read. The Real Thing is invariably pre-War — not the Second, not the First, but the Boer. Its author is usually, but not always, female; firmly married (*Mrs* Edward Kennard, *Mrs* L. B. Walford); or genteelly anonymous (A.L.O.E., otherwise known as A Lady of England). Its binding is usually tatty; its title page often undated; its leaves always well thumbed; its frontispiece innocently (?) sensuous; its inscriptions familial ('Natalie Ethelyne Dawson, from Auntie Pollie, Christmas 1879'), gratifying ('For good conduct, diligence and regular attendance, Spring 1885') and breathlessly affectionate ('to dearest Emily, from ever loving Dorothea').

Irresistibly, its title draws the hand hovering over the 'all at 5p' box. For the *real* Real Thing is rarely found neatly stacked, alphabetically ranked, cannily priced, inside a shop. Its place is outside with the other doomed, given their one last desperate chance before they go for pulping. Yet dull would she surely be of soul who could pass by *Not Like Other Girls* and *Only The Governess*. Reader, pass I do not.

I should, perhaps. They're scarcely politically sound. 'I do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me', it says under the title of *Ling Bank Cottage: A Tale for Working Girls* (1873), picked up yesterday for 20p and worth every penny. Most are firmly rooted in snobbery, political quietism, a narrow nationalism and a passionate commitment to the status quo of gender roles which their heroines' brief flirtations with containable revolt ultimately fail to conceal. Moreover, many of them blend eroticism and masochism to a disturbingly heady and unhealthy degree. Did Rosa N. Carey ever realise that steam rises from the pages of *Wee Wifie* (1869) as tiny-framed child wife Fay Redmond undergoes spiritual, psychological and physical humilations (some of them in childbed) at the hands of moody, irascible Sir Hugh?

Scarcely, one would have thought, a suitable book for girls. Not even suitable for gels and certainly *verboten* for a good feminist. Mind you, like all good feminists, I *could* — at the drop of a research grant or a publisher's contract — demonstrate the impeccable intellectual respectability of my unseemly reading habits.

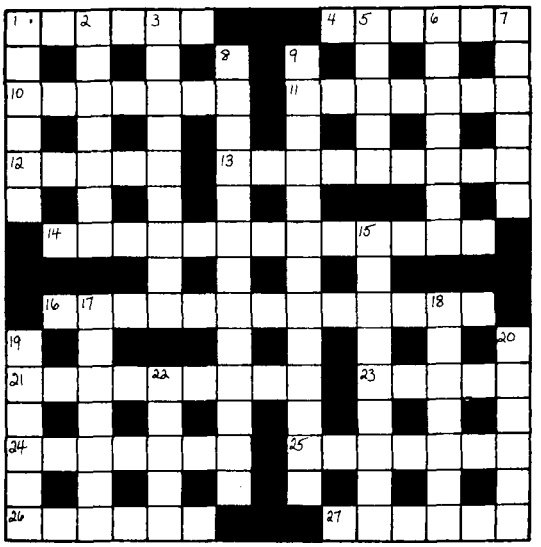
Great writing, we were taught, transcends its age; lesser works document it. It is illuminating, as well as fun, to read Mrs L. T. Meade's dizzyingly inaccurate and very well received fantasy of Girton's early days (*A Sweet Girl Graduate,* 1891). It's instructive as well as hateful to watch Charlotte M. Yonge (a passionate opponent of Girton and of all secondary education for women) inflict a series of sadistic punishments on Rachel Curtis, the anti-heroine of *The Clever Woman of the Family* (1865), because she dares to aspire to a place in the world larger and freer than her mother's drawing room. To watch Rosa Nouchette Carey keep her best-selling grip on the market over several decades means watching the way she accommodates herself to shifting concepts of womanliness, gentility and virtue.

The Real Thing is sometimes scarcely Literature, let alone Art. It doesn't merit a Virago Modern Classic reprint, nor yet inclusion in Virago's new Victorian Library. It has not even the questionable status of an Ouida or Correlli. But its pages are satisfyingly crowded with Irish garrison towns, Indian hill stations, European spas, English watering towns, cathedral closes and hunting shires. They ring with endless battles against the terrifying -isms of the age: Chartism, anarchism, socialism, Ritualism, Tractarianism, atheism, industrialism, Roman Catholicism, evangelicalism and feminism.

And, as one book closes, another opens via the entrancing sheaves of further titles bound in by publishers: *How The Dreams Come True*; *Lady Dye's Reparation*. And there, just half a mile away in my friendly neighbourhood copyright library, they sit, waiting for me. If challenged, of course, I'd mutter about gathering material for a modest little piece: 'Themes of Repentance and Moral Regeneration in the later novels of Mrs Henry Wood' perhaps, or 'The Irish Land Question: A Study of Mrs Edward Kennard'. But, on the whole, it's a civilised place: they ask no questions; they're told no lies. □

Weekend Crossword 1450

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1450, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 28 August.



ACROSS

1. Turn faster and attack (6)
4. Welcoming looks given from a distance after a second (6)
10. Save up for a deputy (7)
11. Essay which needs rewriting to make it clear (7)
12. I enter this city to make a film (5)
13. What life is like in E.C.16 (9)
14. Resort where gaiety starts in the rebuilt winter palace (13)
16. Caring about a different master taking the intellectual lead (13)
21. Retaliation of bird at holding defensive position (3,3,3)
23. Fawn with no tale would turn into baby (5)
24. A point behind from Orient (7)
25. Screen put up to conceal the red and sore (7)
26. Time for the road to head east (6)
27. The soul of tipsy cheerfulness (6)

DOWN

1. Celestial being with a distinctive turn of phrase (6)
2. Stone stuck in cycle (7)
3. The heavens are adamant at taking in human beings (9)
5. Music found to include part of Bible (5)
6. Brief for study in the unprofessional (7)
7. Married after woman is produced for inspection (6)
8. Prevent one speaking since it is getting worse (13)
9. A sovereign is hot stuff in a queen's embrace when shaping the future (6,7)
15. Hen beetles? (9)
17. The supporter has lost his head, being only a working man (7)
18. Orphan boy endlessly wandering about? (7)
19. It never stops but needs rest before morning (6)
20. Fabric used in redesigning suites (6)
22. Apparent in the need to recover taxes (5)

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Considerable experience of book and pamphlet editing, design and production, promotion and distribution essential.

£8,864. LVs.

Send large s.a.e. to: **NCCL, 21 Tabard Street, London SE1 4LA** for details and application form.

Closing date for completed applications:
Wednesday 5 September.

The Anti-Apartheid Movement is expanding its campaigning work and is seeking two additional full-time staff at its Camden Town Headquarters. It requires:

*** a Campaign Organiser:**

responsibilities to include co-ordinating campaigns in the trade union movement and against economic collaboration with South Africa.

*** an Administrative Assistant:**

responsibilities include a range of administrative and secretarial duties in liaison with the Executive Secretary. Shorthand & typing essential.

Suitable candidates must above all be committed to the cause of freedom in Southern Africa. Salary from **£5,500** to **£5,775** depending on experience. For full job description and application form write to: **the Executive Secretary, AAM, 13 Mandela Street, London NW1 0DW,** or phone **01-387 7966.**

Closing dates for applications are:
Campaign Organiser — 14 September
Administrative Assistant — 7 September.

City of Manchester — **Housing Department**

Houses in Multiple Occupation Co-ordinator

PO4 £12,408-£13,725

There is a deteriorating situation in the private rented sector in Manchester, particularly within houses in multiple occupation. We want to stop it. We want someone to spearhead a campaign to improve the physical standards of H.M.O.s and ensure that the rights of tenants on repairs, rents, and harassment are properly enforced by the Council.

This is a new post. The main responsibility will be to co-ordinate and direct the work of the various departments involved, to make things happen on the ground and to co-operate effectively with the non-statutory sector.

Because of the nature of the job, applicants whose background is legal, environmental health, mainstream housing or non-statutory sector housing will be considered for the post. The main qualities required are energy, a commitment to improving conditions and the management ability to achieve change.

If you think this sounds like you, why not fill in an application form?

Closing date: **7 September 1984.**

Applications available from: **The Director of Housing, Personnel and Training Officer, Room M23, Mezzanine Floor, Town Hall Extension, MANCHESTER M60 2JX. Tel: 061-236 3377 ext. 340.**

The City Council operates a Union Membership agreement under which a new employee is required to become a member of a recognised Union.

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APPOINTMENTS

TRADES UNION CONGRESS
REGIONAL EDUCATION OFFICER

A Regional Education Officer is required by the Trades Union Congress for the South East. Mainly for organising and administrative duties related to trade union education and training. Based in London.

Salary starts from £10,326 including London Weighting.

For further details and application form please write to:

The General Secretary,
Trades Union Congress,
Congress House,
Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3LS.

Closing date 14 September 1984

The TUC is an equal opportunities employer.

TRADE UNION RESEARCH OFFICER

THE SOCIETY OF CIVIL AND PUBLIC SERVANTS

which represents over 90,000 members in the Civil Service and other public bodies invites applications for a post of Research Officer.

The post will involve preparation of policy and advisory papers for senior officers and general support for national negotiations. The post holder will be expected to take primary responsibility for work on particular policy areas and contribute to the work of the Research Department in all areas as required.

Candidates should be capable of a high standard of drafting work, capable of preparing policy papers under pressure, ready to work as part of a team and adaptable enough to deal with a wide variety of work. Preference will be given to candidates who have experience of trade union research or negotiating work, relevant academic qualifications, or knowledge of industrial relations in the civil and public services.

The salary scale (subject to review w.e.f. 1 April 1984) is £9,632, £10,249, £10,487, £10,732, £10,978, £11,223, and £11,468, including Inner London Weighting. Annual leave is 30 days. Season ticket loan. Non-contributory pension scheme. **Retirement is compulsory at age 60.**

Applications should be sent to the **General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU** enclosing full CV with details of education, employment history, trade union experience and other relevant information together with a day time telephone number. **Closing date for applications is 29 August 1984.** Interviews will be held on **7 September.**

MERTON YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION

requires a

PROJECT DEVELOPMENT WORKER

Applications are invited from candidates with relevant youth or community work experience to develop a youth project responsive to the needs of black youth in Merton.

The worker will be responsible to the Management Committee and will be required to provide practical help and advice to young people and articulate their needs to appropriate agencies.

The successful applicant will have a deep understanding of communities of Afro, Caribbean or Asian origin and will have a commitment to anti-racist and anti-sexist approaches to youth work. Work with girls will be an essential part of the project's aims.

Much of the work will be innovatory and whereas enthusiasm and commitment are important qualities, a background in youth and community development would also be an advantage.

This post is GLC funded and is initially offered for one year with the possibility of an extension. **Salary (AP5-SP28) £8,781 p.a., inclusive of Outer London Weighting.**

Application forms can be obtained from **Merton Young People's Association, c/o 36 High Street, Colliers Wood, London SW19. Telephone 01-540 7386/7. Closing date Friday, 31 August 1984.**

Applications are welcomed from suitable people regardless of sex, race, disability, sexual orientation or marital status.

LISTINGS

SAT 18 AUGUST

LONDON Demonstration for British withdrawal from Ireland marking 15th Anniversary of troops going in. Assemble Speakers Corner 1pm. **Details: 18 August Demo. Cttee. 27 Clerkenwell Close, EC1.**

SUN 19 AUGUST

LONDON Index on Censorship Benefit. Dame Peggy Ashcroft & Gregory de Polnay with The Galliard Trio. 8pm Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, Hammersmith, W6. **Tickets: £3/£2.50 unwaged from 748 3354.**

HACKNEY Free Festival 12-9.30pm Victoria Park. Keep the GLC Working for East London.

COUNTRYWIDE 'Women are walking' to Demo at Hinckley Nuclear Power Station nr. Bridgewater, on River Severn, Somerset. Org. by Peace Women & Miners' wives. So far marchers going from mining villages S. Wales to Barry to cross R. Severn by boat; also from Leicester & Greenham Common. Offers of transport (buses for kids/food) boats, accommodation overnight **Phone: Penni, Annie, Judy 0222 496792. For Leicester march: 0533 556099/702585. For Scottish walks: Anne 041-423 1485/632 0420.**

THURS 23 AUGUST

BIRMINGHAM 'The Politics of Terrorism' Spkr. Christine Moss 7.30pm Dr. Johnson House, Bull Street, **Org. Socialist Party of Great Britain (Brum. brnch).**

SAT 25 AUGUST

BIRMINGHAM 'Working with the Media' CND day school 10am-5pm Trade Union Resource Centre, Frederick St. Adm. £2 (bring packed lunch). **Org. W. Midlands CND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, B5.**

SUN 26 AUGUST

AYLESHAM, Kent. 2 day Festival 'Mines not Missiles' in support of the miners. Noon till midnight. Org. Canterbury Miners Support Grp./NUM K.T.U.A. **Details: John Cant 63450 (day)/Jan Cant 57108 (day & eves).**

FORTHCOMING

29-31 AUG LONDON 'Beyond Poor Images' Poster Exhibition national tour opens at Hendon Library, NW4. **Details: Child Poverty Action Group, 1 Macklin Street, WC2. 01-242 3225/9149.**

1-2 SEPT DURHAM 'Making our Future: Change in Women's Education'. Residential conf. for those working with women. Workshops on health, community work, counselling etc. **Details: Eileen Aird, Organising Tutor in Women's Education, WEA Offices, 51 Grainger St, Newcastle upon Tyne 1.**

4 SEPT BRIGHTON Labour Solidarity Campaign meeting 5pm Old Ship Hotel. Spkrs Alan Tuffin, Roy Hattersley, Peter Shore, John Smith. **Details: LSC 53 Lancaster Grove, London NW5 01-435 6914.**

6 SEPT LONDON 'Future Strategy for CND' Spkr. James Hinton, Projects organiser for National CND. 8pm Tetherdown Hall, Tetherdown, Muswell Hill, N10. Adm. Free. **Org. Muswell Hill CND Jane Morley 01-889 0571.**

6 SEPT BIRMINGHAM 'Is Animal Liberation possible under Capitalism?' Debate between SPGB & 'Animal Aid' (B'Ham grp.) 7.30pm Dr Johnson House, Bull St, B'Ham.

7 SEPT LONDON Edward Carpenter Anniversary Meeting 7pm Gregory Hall, Mecklenburgh Sq, WC1 (entrance off footpath towards Brunswick Sq.) Spkrs. incl. Fenner Brockway, Dora Russell, Sheila Rowbotham with dramatised readings by Gay Sweatshop.

7-9 SEPT BIRMINGHAM West Midlands CND regions & areas development/campaign strategy weekend St. Francis Hall, Birmingham University. **Details/biking: WM CND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TH. 021-632 6909.**

10-14 SEPT. OXFORD 2nd Annual Conf of Howard League for Penal Reform. Pembroke College. **Booking forms: Howard League, 322 Kennington Park Rd, London, SE11 4PP. 01-735 3317/8/9.**

12-14 SEPT BRADFORD 'Peace Studies in Higher Education' Conf. org. for those who wish to write/speak on their experience of Peace Studies teaching and research and those who wish to learn. **Contact: James O'Connell, School of Peace Studies, University of Bradford, W. Yorkshire. 0274 733455.**

12 SEPT LONDON 'Land Values: Implications for the Health Service' Spkr. Frank Dobson, MP Shadow Health Minister. 8pm GLC, County Hall, SE1. **Details: Labour Land Campaign, 01-267 2245 (eves.)**

13 SEPT LONDON 'Motivation to learn and views of the Self' Annual North Westminster Community School Inner City Education Lecture. Spkr. Prof. Carol Dweck, Harvard Uni. 7pm. Adm. free. **Details: 01-262 8000 x 310.**

13 SEPT LONDON 'Equal Opportunities: Positive Action for Women in Voluntary Organisations' – day conf 10am-4pm. **Details and registration send s.a.e. to NCCL, Women's Rights Unit, 21 Tabard St, SE1 4LA.**

14-16 SEPT LIVERPOOL '1984 – the Present, the Future' Politics Assoc. Annual Conf. City of Liverpool College of Higher Education, Prescot, Merseyside. **Details and enrolment: G. T. Prout, Vice Chairman, 64 West Hill Drive, Dartford, DA1 3EA. 0322 75145.**

14 SEPT LONDON Gay Humanist Group AGM 7.30pm Library, Conway Hall Humanist Centre, Red Lion Square, WC1.

15 SEPT LONDON Gay Humanist Group Gathering to celebrate 5th Anniversary. 7.30pm Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

15-16 SEPT SOUTHAMPTON Women's Health Fair. Voluntary/Statutory groups, info. on women's health plus workshops, exhibition, demonstrations, theatre grps, food, play area, bookstall. Adm. free. **Details: Ronie Foley, Southampton Women & Health Grp. 29 Dover St, Southampton, SO2 0GG. Phone: 31199.**

18 SEPT LONDON Joint GAS/SSS meeting 'The Statistical Systems of the Metropolitan Boroughs' Spkr. John S. Chapman Head of Intelligence Unit GLC. 4.30pm Manson Theatre LSHTM Visitors welcome. **Details from: Denise Lievesley, SCPR, 35 Northampton Sq, EC1V 0AX 01-250 1866.**

19-21 SEPT YORK 'Africa since Independence' Conf at York University. Panels on politics, media, health, education etc. Cost £55 membs/£65 non membs. **Booking forms, details from UK/Royal African Soc, 18 Northumberland Ave, London, WC2N 5BJ 01-930 1662.**

21-23 SEPT WHITBY 'Socialism and the Media in 1984' Whitby Labour Party 4th Weekend School. Spkrs incl David Douglass Yorks NUM Exec, Roland Boyes MP. Workshops & Socials. **Details: Susan Griffiths, 23 Anchorage Way, Whitby, N. Yorkshire. 0947 605849.**

22-23 SEPT LONDON 'The Future of the Public Sector' 5th Annual Conf Socialist Economic Review. Adm £5.50/£2.50 unwaged. **Details: SERA 32 Radnor Rd, Bristol BS7.**

22-23 SEPT LONDON Children Planning & Play Conf. A new initiative to gather experimental, innovative projects and practitioners. Architects, planners, landscape architects, artists, designers, educationalists, play-workers, community/tenants assocs. will collaborate on ideas for urban play-spaces and strategies for future projects. Send s.a.e. to **Jane Riches, 17a Tufnell Park Road, N7 0PG.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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GROUPS/ MEETINGS

CHELSEA LABOUR PARTY Meeting. Tuesday 21 August 7.30 p.m. at St Luke's Hall, St Luke's Street, off Cale Street, SW3. Tam Dalyell on 'The Sinking of the Belgrano and the *Future of the Falklands'. All welcome.*

THE LIBERATION NETWORK for people with disabilities, would welcome people with disabilities and allied of, to a meeting to discuss access to public transport and buildings. 2-6 p.m. 9 September Hampden Community Centre, 150 Ossulton Street, London NW1. Access available.

WORKERS' REVOLUTIONARY PARTY. The 44th Anniversary of Trotsky's assassination by Stalin. Sunday 19 August, 3 p.m. Victoria Palace Theatre, opposite Victoria Station. Speakers: G. Healy, Mike Banda, Claire Dixon and others. Plus film 'The Bolsheviks'. Tickets £1.50.

TUITION

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KRISHNAMURTI, *the well-known revolutionary* religious speaker and educator, will be holding public talks and discussion meetings at Brockwood Park Educational Centre, Bramdean, Nr. Alresford, Hants., at 11.30 a.m. on 25, 26, 28, 30 August and 1, 2 September. No tickets needed. For details of train and *coach arrangements from London, please* telephone Bramdean 228.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

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BLOOMSBURY FLAT, WC1. *Perfect for* academic couple. 1 ½ bedrooms, sitting-room, k. & b., 1-2 years. £105 p.w. 01-580 3743 6 p.m.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £50 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

HOLIDAY FLATS/Houses to let. King's Cross, London. Telephone 01-607 4518.

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SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702) 331004.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

SOCIETIES

NINE MEN'S MORRIS. Details are available *from the Society's founder, T.A. Layton, 3* Sussex Road, Hove, BN3 2WD.

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ACTIVE, CREATIVE, unusual male, references, 45, 5' 8", needs intelligent rich woman, in exchange for sincerity, labour, accommodation, driving, companionship, or whatever you need. Genuine. Box 8928.

AFRICAN, 32, POET,
seeks female (22-36) for warm, genuine relationship. A lifetime of happiness and fun together. Judge me by my future works. West Yorkshire.
Box 8966

AMERICAN, 32, educated, sensitive, and somewhat of an anglophile, seeks female correspondent. She is 20-32, intelligent, articulate and attractive. Future meeting possible. Box 2444, Longmont, Colorado, USA.

AMIABLE GRADUATE male, late 30s, loves *cinema, politics and long cosy chats, seeks* similar lady, 25-35, for fun and friendship. B'ham/W. Midlands area. Box 9018.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. *And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.*

ATTRACTIVE, ARTICULATE, graduate woman, slight, single parent, solvent, interested in cultural pursuits, politics, poetry, would like to meet considerate, reliable man, aged 38-50, for outings etc. London area. Box 9025.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL lady (early 30s), Glasgow-based, would like to meet humorous, attractive, solvent male (28-40), who will show her the better things in life. Box 9015.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstances for warm friendship/ enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding areas. Box 9003.

CARING, LONDON woman, 35 seeks discerning, progressive man, 33-44, who shares interests: nature, arts, politics, home-life, need to find genuine, lasting, loving relationship. Box 9042.

BUSINESSMAN, 41 BASED LEEDS,
considerate, non-Tory, non-smoker, interests: music, travel, driving, good food/wine, seeks similar female for occasional outings and love.
Box 9053

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ESSEX LECTURER, 40, and his 2 year-old daughter, require non-smoking female *companion, who should be sympathetic* towards modern fiction, cricket and Dylan. Box 9060.

FEMALE, 33 years, newly independent and liking it, slim, non-smoker, would like to meet a liberated, happy male, of similar status. North-West England. Box 9020.

GAY MALE, 42, Greenpeace supporter, interested in arts, travel, seeks similar/bisexual, 30-45, for long-term friendship. Preferably tall, slim(ish), non-scene. NW/London/anywhere. Box 9052.

HANDSOME, COLOURED MALE
graduate, 32, 5' 7", would like to meet attractive female, for uninhibited fun, travel & sincere friendship. Photo & phone number would be helpful.
Box 9031

HOMELY, YOUNG-in-heart 50, sense of *humour, enjoys music, theatre, walking,* seeks sensitive male companion, who regards warmth of personality more than looks. Box 9021.

I LIKE being alone. Is there a woman under 38, who would like to be alone with me? (Male, 38, London). Just send an address or phone no! Box 9062.

INDEPENDENT WOMAN, 30, unstereotypically attractive mixed race, unusual background, tall, graduate. Interests: the arts, politics, seeks non-sexist, intelligent male, for serious relationship. Box 9019.

INTELLIGENT MALE (28), interests include: books, art, cinema, music, pubs, talking, listening, seeks female (20-34ish) for friendship, possibly long-term relationship. Manchester or thereabouts. Box 9045.

LECTURER, MALE, 46, unattached, E. Midlands, enjoys countryside, walking, cycling, films, books, 'green politics', seeks warm, intelligent woman for friendship, gentle enjoyment & relaxation. Box 9041.

LECTURER/WRITER, 35, Midlands based, genuinely unattached, gentle in manner, non-smoker, loves the arts, seeks equally gentle, caring, honest female who desires and can offer respect, warmth and affection. Box 9054.

LIVELY, INTELLIGENT lady, 50s, unattached, seeks similar man, n/s, to share visits to theatres, concerts, galleries, maybe holidays and generally widen horizons. *Avon/Somerset/Wilts area. Box 8979.*

LONDON GIRL, thirties, attractive, intelligent, interested in the arts and sciences, seeks to enjoy life with similar man. Box 9033.

LONDON LADY, late 50s, (but 25 at heart), welcomes talks, laughs, and occasional outings with pleasant man who, also, is lonely sometimes. Many interests. Box 9050.

LONDON WOMAN (45, non-smoker) loves (and can afford) opera, European travel, music festivals, wine, gardens, etc. but lacks only special man of means, taste and discernment (42-52, 5' 9"-ish) to share these and much *more.* Box 9047.

MALE CIVIL SERVANT
young looking 58, single, varied interests, C.M., books, O.U. studies, seeks friendship with intelligent, non-smoking female. London based preferred.
Box 8942

MALE GRADUATE (SOCIAL SCIENCE)
27, interested in literature, politics, arts, cinema, music, countryside. Seeks intelligent, affectionate female, with sense of humour, for caring relationship. London/Medway.
Box 9030

MALE 38, quiet, but likes theatre, music, cinema, would like to meet lady, 27-38, initially for friendship, but hopefully more. London NW2. Box 8972.

MALE 25, seeks pleasant natured female, 20-45, for love, marriage. Am graduate, presently Surrey-based but non-earning. Please reply! Box 9068.

OUTGOING, UNATTACHED, female graduate, 32, petite, believes in living and not existing, seeks platonic friendship or to correspond with intelligent, caring, non-smoking male. Yorkshire. Box 9024.

PROFESSIONAL ASIAN, 40,
seeks relationship with attractive, intelligent lady, on mutually affectionate but *undemanding basis. London based. Photo* appreciated.
Box 9061

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, attractive, 38, divorced, seeks sincere man, 30s-40s, to share cultural interests, fun and hopefully an *intimate, caring relationship. Photo* appreciated. North East. Box 9067.

RANDY MALE, 39, seeks uptown girl for friendship, likes mini skirts, genuine. A.L.A. Somerset area or London. Box 9027.

RECENTLY RETIRED, humorous graduate officer, mid-fifties, seeks like-minded, lithe lady sophisticate, 40+, interested companionship, travel, Iberian languages, and application of alternative medicine: London area. Box 8983.

REWARD OFFERED by lady advertiser, auburn, not slim, for introduction to caring, solvent male for companionship/marriage, if *compatible.* Box 9014.

SE LONDON woman, 56, 5' 8", active, healthy, varied interests (not politics, Olympics) needs tall, unattached, practical man, 55-65, genuinely lonely, seeking caring relationship. Box 9023.

SEXY, BRIGHT, calm friend/lover/wife needed by London hack (50); share life, love, bed, books, food, drink, music, TLC, good times and bad. Box 9028.

SINGLE MALE, balding, 37, 6ft, slim, over-educated, appearance wouldn't raise eyebrow in local Wimpey. Dancing ability akin to spider *with gout. Seeks lady for long-term cuddles.* Photo appreciated. North-West/anywhere. Box 9043.

SINGLE WOMAN, presentable and caring, 45, wanting to meet intelligent, unattached socialist Yorkshireman. I'm a teacher needing uncomplicated companionship. Replies answered. Box 8938.

SOCIALIST MALE, professional, 34, seeks *socialist feminist to explore love and* independence. Live Midlands, can travel. Interests: travel, walking, reading, films, sport. Box 9064.

SOUTH WALES — *male University lecturer,* 44, tall, slim, happily tied but under utilised, seeks occasional female companion (30-50), for mutual enjoyment. Discretion assured. Box 9016.

TALL, BEARDED non-intellectual, mid-fifties convalescent, inner-London, missing nearness of mature, uncomplicated *ladyfriend,* generous-built/top-heavy. Betcha nobody replies! Box 9048.

TALL ECONOMIST, widow, (39), seeks Galbraith lookalike and /or thinkalike; Schumacher possible, Friedman never. Characters sought for new chapter based in London! Box 9040.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, male, 41, wide interests, seeks attractive, intelligent, warm, out-going woman. South Wales/Bristol area ideal. Photo appreciated. Box 9026.

WOMAN, 28, still not met compatible man in *life — feminist, socialist, environmentalist —* wants caring, fun, long-term relationship and possibly kids. Leicestershire. Box 9049.

WORKING-CLASS graduate, average, 41, comfortably scruffy, leftish, writer, cyclist, classical music, politics, world affairs, travel, non-smoker, seeks dignified, adventurous *woman, 18-48. Photo? Box 9017.*

WORKING CLASS *socialist man, Trade Union* activist, 35, average looks and intelligence, seeks kind, affectionate woman as lover, companion, friend etc. Lancs area. Box 9013.

YORK AREA. Mid-thirties, married, not middle-aged female needs company, for occasional drink and conversation away from domesticity and Open University. Box 9046.

YORKS LECTURER, divorced, 50, slim, fit, 5' 7", seeks friendship, laughter, caring relationship with intelligent, affectionate, slim, non-smoking woman, 33-49, with sense of fun, *own interests. Box 9051.*

YOUNG-AT-HEART professional male, single, 37, graduate, seeks unattached lady, 24-34, for summer outings, hopefully long-term relationship. London area. Detailed letter, photo ensures reply. No mums please. Smokers welcome! Box 9022.

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